

*T H E*  
*Shepheardes Calender*

Conteyning twelue Eglogues proportionable  
to the twelue monethes.

*Entitled*  
**TO THE NOBLE AND VIRTU-**  
*ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles*  
both of learning and cheualric M.  
Philip Sidney.  
(.)



AT LONDON.  
*Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in*  
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the  
signe of the gylden Tunne, and  
are there to be solde.

1579.



TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little booke:thy selfe present  
As child whose parent is vnkent:  
To him that is the president  
Of noblesse and of cheualree,  
And if that Enuie barke at thee,  
As sure it will,for succoure flee

Vnder the shadow of his wing,  
And asked,who thee forth did bring,  
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,  
All as his straying flocke he fedde:  
And when his honor has thee redde,  
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.

But if that any aske thy name,  
Say thou wert base begot with blame:  
For thy thereof thou takest shame.  
And when thou art past ieopardie,  
Come tell me,what was sayd of mee:  
And I will send more after thee.

*Immeritô.*



*To the most excellent and learned both*

*Orator and Poete, Maister Gabriell Haruey, his  
verie special and singular good frend E. K. commen-  
deth the good lyking of this his labour,  
and the patronage of the  
new Poete.*

(.)



**V**NCOV THE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete  
Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and vvondertull skil in making,  
his scholler Lidgate, a vvorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, cal-  
leth the Loadstarre of our Language: and vvhom our Colin clout in  
his *Æglogue* calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym  
to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich prouerbe  
myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it set-  
ued vvell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very vvell taketh  
place in this our nevv Poete, vvho for that he is vncouth (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and  
vunknown to most mē, is regarded but of fevv. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall  
come into the knowvledg of men, and his vvorthines be sounded in the tromp of fame,  
but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and  
vvondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his vvittinesse in deuising, his pithi-  
nesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly,  
his pastorall rudenesse, his morali vvisenesse, his devve obseruing of *Decorum* euerye  
vvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simpli-  
citie of handeling his matter, and framing his vvords: the vvich of many thinges which  
in him be straunge, I knowv vvill seeme the straungest, the vvords them selues being so  
auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compasse  
of speache so delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And  
firste of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused,  
yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In  
vvhom vvhenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and thoroughly redd, howv could  
it be, (as that vvorthy Oratour sayde) but that vvalking in the tonne although for other  
cause he vvalked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and hauing the sound of those aun-  
cient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr  
tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and  
choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that  
theyr rough sounde vvould make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such  
olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I thinke, and think I think  
not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vvould say, auctoritie to the verse. For  
albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of Valla against Liuius, and of o-  
ther against Saluste, that vvith ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting there-  
by credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are  
of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one &  
in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie,  
and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importaunce. For if my memo-  
ry sayle not, Tullie in that booke, vvherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a



## Epistle.

perfect Oratour, sayth that oftentimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuerend : no otherwise then vve honour and reuerence gray heares for a certain religious regard, which we haue of old age. yet nether euery where must old words be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it seeme disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the balcnesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftentimes we fynde ourselues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue & glorious vvords. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wel shaped body. But if any vvill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vvvonted vvords, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of vvitleffe headinesse in iudging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning. for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he vvill iudge of the length of his cast. for in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many vvhych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse & almost cleare disherited. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben couered most bare & barrein of both. which default when as some endeuoured to salue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, not vveighing how ill, those tongues accorde vvith themselves, but much vvorse vvith ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallinaufray or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some no so wel seme in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if the happen to here an olde vvord albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euaders mother spake. vvhole first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streight vvay deeme to be sencelesse, and not at al to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in AEsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, vvould inno wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, vvhich together vvith their Nources milk they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they vvill not onely themselves not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine vvould feede : vvhole currish kind though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Nowv for the knitting of sentences, vvhych they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round vvithout roughnesse, and learned vvithout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For vvhat in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it vvere vngyrt, in this Authour is vvell grounded, finely framed, and strongly tussed vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellie route of our ragged rymers (for so theselues vse to hunt the letter) vvhich vvithout learning boiste, vvithout iudgement



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judgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirit had newly rashed them about the meaneneſſe of common capacitie. And being in the middest of all theyr brauery, ſuddenly either for want of matter, or of ryme, or hauing forgotten theyr former conceipt, they ſeeme to be ſo pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in child birth or as that ſame Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her.

*Oſ rabidum fera corda domans &c.*

Netheſſe let them a Gods name needs on theyr ovne folly, ſo they ſeek not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder vhoſe perſon the Authour ſelfe is ſhadowed, how ſure he is from ſuch vaunted titles and glorious ſhowes, both him ſelfe ſheweth, where he ſayth.

*O Muses Hobbin. I conne no ſkill.*

*And,*

*Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt, &c.*

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, wherein, it ſemeth, he choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt covertly, then profeſſing it, not ſuffice thereto accordingly. vvhich moued him rather in *Æglogues*, then other wiſe to vwrite, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furniſh our tongue vwith this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or folloving the example of the beſt & moſt auncient Poetes, which deuiled this kind of wryting, being both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the fiſt to trye theyr habilitie? and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the neſt, by little fiſt to proue theyr tender vvyngs, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he vvas all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet vwell feeling his vvinges So flew Mantuane, as being not full ſomd. So Petrarque. So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and alſo diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvhofe ſoting this Author euery vwhere folloved, yet ſo as few, but they be wel ſented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, vvhofe principals be ſcarce grovven out, but yet as that in time ſhall be hable to keepe wing with the beſt.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpoſe of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to ſay much, him ſelfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnſtayed yough had long vvaſtred in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhich time to mitigate and allay the heate of his paſſion, or els to vvarne (as he ſayth) the young ſhepheards. f. his equals and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled theſe xij. *Æglogues*, vvhich for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the xij. monethes, he termeth the **SHEP- HEARDS CALENDAR**, applying an olde name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Gloſſe or ſcholion for the expoſition of old vvordes & harder phraſes: vvhich maner of gloſing and commenting, vwell I vvote, vvil ſeeme ſtraunge & rare in our tongue: yet for ſomuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuices both in vvordes and matter vvould paſſe in the ſpeedy courſe of reading, either as vnknown, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintance I vvas made priue to his counſell and ſecret meaning in them, as alſo in ſundry other vvorks of his, vvhich albeit I know he nothing ſo much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, him ſelfe being for long time ſure eſtraunged, hoping that this vvill the rather occaſion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vvorks of his, vvhich ſlepe in ſilence, as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and ſondry others; vvhofe commendations to ſet out, were verye



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wayne; the thinges though vvorthy of many, yet being knowen to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovvn good Maister Haruey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vvorthinesse generally, and othervvise vpon some particular & special considerations vouted this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our common friends Poetrie, himielfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull M<sup>r</sup>. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stir vp any wrongful accusation, defend vvith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield vvith your good vvill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know vvill be set on fire vvith the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vvnto you, as vvnto his most special good friend, and my selfe vvnto you both, as one making singuler account of vvoo so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farvvell, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to  
be commaunded E. K.*

### Post scr.

**N**ow I trust M. Haruey, that vvpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vvunworthy Quidams, vvwhich catch at the garland, vvwhich to you alone is deue, you vvill be persvvaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse those so many excellent English poemmes of yours, vvwhich lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, vvwhich they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, vvwhich in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Haruey. from my lodging at London this 10. of Aprill. 1579.



## The generall argument of the whole booke.



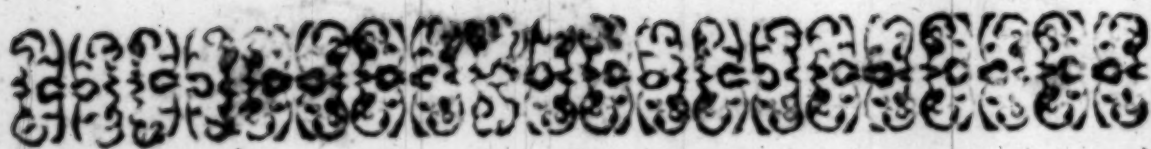
Ittle I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Æglogues*, hauing alreadie touched the same. But for the word *Æglogues* I know is vnknown to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I vvyll say some what thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my present purpose.

They vvere first of the *Greekes* the inuentours of them called *Æglogai* as it vvere *αἴγων* or *αἰγολόγων*. *αἴγως*. that is *Goteheards* tales. For although in *Virgile* and others the speakers be most shepheards, and *Goteheards*, yet *Theocritus* in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in *Virgile*; this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and vvelspring the vvhole Inuetricion of his *Æglogues*, maketh *Goteheards* the persons and authors of his tales. This being, vvhose seeth not the grossensse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they vwould say, extraordinary discourses of vnnecessarie matter, vvhich definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhit answereth with the *etymology* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*. vvhich sentence this authour very vvell obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few *Goteheards* haue to doe herein, nethelss doubteth not to call the by the vsed and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I referue to greater occasion. These xij. *Æclogues* euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue monethes may be vvell deuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be *Plaintiue*, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or *recreatiue*, such as al those be, vvhich conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or *Moral*: vvhich for the most part be mixed with some *Satyrical* bitterness, namely the second of reuerence deuue to old age, the fift of coloured deceipt, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheards & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt vvits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, vvhose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priue to. And thus much generally of these xij. *Æclogues*. Now vwill vve speake particularly of all, and first of the first. vvhich he calleth by the first monethes name *Ianuarie*: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, vvhich beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known and stoutely mainteyned vwith stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in *March*. for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof being buried in the sadness of the dead winter now vvorne away, reliueth. This opinion mayntaine the olde *Astrologers* and *Philosophers*, namely the reuerend *Andalo*, and *Macrobius* in his holydayes of *Saturne*, which account also vvas generally obserued both of *Grecians* and *Romans*. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, vve mayntaine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth *Ianuary*, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen *Philosophers* ever coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauour and eternall redeemer the *L. Christ*, vvhose as then renewing the state of the decayed vvhorld, and returning the compass of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, les. to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. vvhich reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaue th also vpon good prooffe of



special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, vvhhen as yet the count of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Ievves to count the moneth Abil, that vvhich vve call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene othervvise obserued, both in gouernment of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar vvho first obserued the leape yeere vvhich he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain course the odde vvandring dayes vvhich of the Greekes vvvere called *apocryphes*. of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. vvhich in the first ordinance of Romulus vvvere but tenne, counting but CCCiij. dayes in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvho vvvas the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vvith the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February: wherin it seemeth, that vvise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures newv comming into the vvorld, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare. vvhich account for the most part hath hetherto continued. Notvvithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne theyr yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe, God made the vvorld in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, vvhich before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to begin vvith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decoru, that Sepheard should be scene in matter of so deepe insight, or canase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginne he & so continueth he throughout.







## Ægloga prima.

## ARGUMENT.

**I**N this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloute a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traueled, he comparcth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN Cloute.



Shepheards bore (no better doe him call)  
 when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,  
 All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,  
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.  
 So faynt they wore, and feeble in the felde,  
 That now vnnethe their feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,  
 For pale and wan he was, (alas the while,)  
 May seeme he lodd, or els some care he tooke:  
 Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.

A. I.

Tho



## Januarie.

Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,  
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Oe Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,  
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie: )  
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,  
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.  
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,  
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,  
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:  
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after halted  
Thy sommer proude with Daffadillies dight.  
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,  
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mas-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,  
My life bloud fricling with vnkindly cold:  
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,  
As if my yeare were wast, and woren old.  
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,  
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,  
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bolwe:  
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,  
Instede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre:  
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,  
Whose drops in dery picles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is dype and sere,  
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:  
The blossome, which my bzaunch of youth did beare,  
With breathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,  
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,  
As on your boughes the picles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,  
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare:

Paist



Mayst witnesse well by thy ill gouernement,  
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.  
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:  
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower.  
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:  
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,  
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as thee.  
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.  
Ah God, that loue should breede both ioy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plaine,  
Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suit:  
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,  
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.  
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:  
Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)  
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)  
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth repproue,  
And of my rurall musick holdeth scoorne.  
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake,  
And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albee rude *Pan* thou please,  
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:  
And thou unlucky *Muse*, that wonest to ease  
By musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:  
Both pype and *Muse*, shall sore the while aby.  
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phoebus* gan abaile,  
His weary waine, and now the frosty *Night*  
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.  
Which scene, the pensife boy halfe in despight  
Arose, and home ward droue his sonned sheepe,  
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.



# Januarie.

Colins Embleme.

## *Anchôra speme.*



### GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to knowv or to haue skill. As vwell interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smitth in his booke of gouernment: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinsman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent vvrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expressing the Latine Vicina.

Stoure) a fitt.

Sere) vvithered.

His clovvnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, vvhereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, vvwhich the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: vvho sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vvwhich is Alcybiades orvne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be præferred before gnerastice, that is the loue vvhiche enflameth men vvith lust to vvard vvoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith Lucian or hys deuclish disciple Vnico Aretiko, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlavvful fleshlinesse. VVhose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

Iloue) a prety Epanorthosis in these tyvo verses, and vvithall a Paronomasia or playing vvith the vword, vvhere he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, vvwhich being wel ordered, vvil bevvray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvwhich of some is supposed to be

Julia



Julia, the emperor Augustus his daughter, and vyfse to Agryppa. So doth Arun-  
tius Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is vvel knowne  
that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vvitnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiu.  
And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Coelia in her letters enuelo-  
peth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vuder the name of Bello-  
chia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeicting the  
names of secret Personages.

Auail) bring downe .

Embleme .

Querhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning  
vvherof is, that not vvithstande his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet lea-  
ning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.



*Ægloga Secunda.*

ARGUMENT.

**T**His Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or  
particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the  
persone of Thenot an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlusti-  
nesse, is scorned of Cuddie an vnhappy Heardmans boye. The matter ve-  
ry well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, &  
as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so the in our

A.iii.

bodies



## Februarie.

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudded blood, and frieseth the wetherbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & boare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE.

THENOT.

**A** Whoz pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,  
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tallwage?  
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,  
All as I were through the body gryde,  
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,  
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:  
They wont in the wind wagge their wygle tailes,  
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it anailes.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou! aessie ladde,  
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.  
Must not the world wend in his commun course  
From good to badde, and from badde to worse,  
From worse vnto that is worst of all,  
And then returne to his former fall?  
Who will not suffer the stormy time,  
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?  
Selfe haue I woyned out thrise threttie yeares,  
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:  
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,  
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threac:  
He euer was to Fortune foeman,  
But gently tooke, that vngently came.  
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,  
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can beare  
Therefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:  
For Age and Winter accord full nie,  
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wyfe.  
And as the lowping Wether lookes downe,



So semeſt thou like good fryday to ſrowne ;  
But my flowring youth is foe to froſt,  
My ſhippe vnwont in ſtozmes to be toſt.

THENOT.

The ſoueraigne of ſeaſ he blames in haine,  
That once ſeabeate, will to ſea againe.  
So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,  
Keeping your beaſtes in the budded broomes:  
And when the ſhining ſunne langheth once,  
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.  
Tho gynne you, ſend flies, the cold to ſcorne,  
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,  
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare.  
But eſt, when ye count you freed from feare,  
Comes the breame winter with chamfred browes,  
Full of wrinckles and froſtie furrowes:  
Dierily ſhooting his ſtozmy darte,  
Which cruddles the blood, and picks the harte.  
Then is your careleſſe corage accoied,  
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.  
Then paye you the price of your ſurquedrie,  
With weeping, and wayling, and miſery.

CVDDIE.

Ah fooliſh old man, I ſcorne thy ſkill,  
That wouldeſt me, my ſpringing yongth to ſpil.  
I deeme, thy bzaine emperished bee  
Througħ ruſty elde, that hath rotted thee:  
O ſicker thy head beray tottie is,  
So on thy corbe ſhoulder it leanes amiſſe.  
Now thy ſelfe haſt loſt both lopp and topp,  
Als my budding bzaunch thou wouldeſt cropp:  
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,  
To other delights they would encline.  
Tho wouldeſt thou learne to caroll of Loue,  
And herp with hymnes thy laſſes gloue.  
Tho wouldeſt thou pype of Phyllis prayſe:  
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes:



## Februarie.

I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,  
Emboist with buegle about the belt.  
Such an one shepheards woulde make full faine :  
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THE NOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to boiste,  
All that is lent to loue, wyl be lost.

CVDDIE.

See it, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,  
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?  
His hoynes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,  
His dewclap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.  
See howe he venteth into the wynd.  
Uleeneft of loue is not his mynd?  
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,  
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,  
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.  
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:  
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,  
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags :  
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,  
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THE NOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,  
So vainely taduaunce thy headlesse hood.  
For Younge is a bubble blown vp with breath,  
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,  
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynnere Penauce,  
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greuaunce.  
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,  
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,  
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,  
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:  
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,  
What euer that good old man bespake.

*Thenot*



THE NOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,  
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:  
But none fitter then this to applie.  
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

**T**here grewe an aged Tree on the greene,  
A goodly Dake sometime had it bene,  
With armes full strong and largely displayd,  
But of their leaues they were disparayde:  
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,  
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:  
Whilome had bene the King of the field,  
And mochell mast to the hus band did pield,  
And with his nuts larded many swine.  
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,  
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,  
His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,  
His honoz decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging bzere,  
Which proudey thrust into Chelement,  
And seemed to thzeat the Firmament.  
He was embellisht with blossomes sayze,  
And thereto aye wonned to repayze  
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,  
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.  
And in his small bushes vled to shrowde  
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:  
Which made this foolish Bzere were so bold,  
That on a time he cast him to scold,  
And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?  
Noz for fruct, noz for shadowe serues thy stocke:  
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,  
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,  
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,  
Colours mee te to clothe a mayden Queene.



## Februarie.

Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,  
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd.  
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloseth,  
My Sinamon sinell too much annoteth.  
Wherefore soone I rede thee, hence remoue,  
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.  
So spake this bold here with great disdain:  
Little him answered the Dake againe,  
But yieldeed, with shame and greefe adawed,  
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,  
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,  
Of custome for to serue we his grownd,  
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.  
Him when the spitefull here had espyed,  
Caullesse complained, and lowdly cryed  
Unto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:  
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,  
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,  
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,  
Which I your poore Cassall dayly endure:  
And but your goodnes the same recure,  
Am like for desperate doole to dye,  
Through felonous force of mine enemye.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,  
Him rested the goodman on the lea,  
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.  
With painted words he gan this proude weede,  
(As most vsen Ambitious folke:)  
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,  
Thou placer of plantes both humble and tall,  
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
To be the primrose of all thy land,  
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,  
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?  
How falls it then, that this faded Dake,



Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,  
 Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,  
 Unto such tyrannie doth aspire:  
 Hinderling with his shade my louely light,  
 And robbing me of the swete sonnes light:  
 So beate his old boughes my tender side,  
 That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:  
 Untimely my flowres forced to fall,  
 That bene the honoz of your Coronall.  
 And oft he lets his cancker wormes light  
 Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight:  
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,  
 Where with my fresh flowzettes bene defast.  
 For this, and many more such outrage,  
 Craving your goodlihead to aswage  
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,  
 Mought aske I, but onely to hold my right:  
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
 And praying to be garded from greeuance.

To this the Dake cast him to replie  
 Well as he couth: but his enemye  
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
 That the good man noulde stay his leasure,  
 But home him hasted with furious heate,  
 Encreasing his wraath with many a threate.  
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,  
 (Alas, that it so ready should stand)  
 And to the field alone he speedeth.  
 (A little helpe to harne there needeth)  
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,  
 Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:  
 But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,  
 And made many wounds in the wast Dake.  
 The Axes edge did oft turne againe,  
 As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:  
 Semed, the fencelesse yron dyd feare,  
 Or to wrong holyd did forbear.



## Februarie.

For it had bene an auncient tree,  
Sacted with many a mystere,  
And often crost with the priestes crewe,  
And of en halowed with holy water dewe.  
But like fancies weren foolerie,  
And brougten this Dake to this miserie.  
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:  
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.  
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,  
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.  
In fine the Steele had pierced his pitch,  
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:  
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,  
The earth shooke vnder him, and seemed to shake.  
There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,  
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasure:  
But all this glee had no continuance.  
For eldres Winter gan to approche,  
The blustering Boreas did encroche,  
And beate vpon the solitarie Brere:  
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.  
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:  
For naked left and disconsolate,  
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,  
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,  
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,  
That nowe vpright he can stand no more:  
And being downe, is trodde in the durt  
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.  
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,  
For scorning Elo

### CVDDIE

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:  
Here is a long tale, and little worth.  
So longe haue I listened to thy speche,  
That grafted to the ground is my breche:



My hartblood is welnigh frozne I feele,  
And my galage growne fast to my heele:  
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.  
Wye thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,  
Fa suoi al suo essemplio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,  
Spaventa Iddio.*



GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe.

Grice) perced : an olde vvord much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chancer.

Ronts) young bullockes.

VVracke) ruine or Violence, vvhen commeth shipvvracke: and not vvreake, that is vengeance or vvraith.

Foeman) a foe.

Thenot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Æglogues.

The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borowed of Mimius Publ'anus, vv'ch vsed this prouerb in a verse.

Improbè Neptunum acculat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgromes.) Chaucers verse almost vvhole.

Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvarme, begin to flye abroad vvhē sodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold.

But est when) A verye excellent and liuely description of VVinter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter season.

Breme) chill, bitter.

Chamfred) chapt, or vvrinckled.

Accored) plucked dovvne and daunted.

Surquedrie) pryde.

Elde) olde age.

Sicker) sure.

Tottie) vvauering.

Corbe) crooked.

Herie) worshippe.

Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknewen, whom Cuddie, whose person is secrete, loved. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Belte) a girdle or wast band.

A son) a foole.

lythe) soft & gentile.

Venteth) snuffeth in the vvind.

Thy flocks Father) the Ramme.

Crag) neckes

B.iii.

Rather



## Februarie.

Rather Lambes) that be eved early in the beginning of the yeare.

Youth is) A verie moral and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a vvearie vwayfaring man.

Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name shal liue, & the name of Poetrie shal endure.

VVell thevved) that is, Bene moratæ, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellent for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.

Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.

VVhy standst) The speach is scorneful & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.

Accloith) encombreth.

Adavved) daunted & confounded.

Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber vwood.

Sterne strife) said Chaucer .f.

fell and sturdy.

O my liege) A maner of supplication, vvherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall) Garlande.

Flourers) young blossomes.

The Primrose)

The chiefe and vvorthiest

Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.

The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it vv ere of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they saye) *non ingratum*.

Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vvithered leaues.

Hent) caught.

Nould) for vvould not.

Ay) euermore.

VVounds) gathes.

Enaunter) least that.

The priestes crevve) holy vvater pott, wherewith the popishe priest vved to sprinkle & hallovve the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse vv as in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned) A liuelye figure, vv hiche geueth sence and feeling to vvnsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: Saxa gemunt gaudio &c.

Boreas) The Northerne vv ynd, that bringeth the moiste stormie vv eather.

Glee) chere and iollitie.

For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disd yning to here any more.

Galage) a startuppe or clovvnish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, vv hich is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and vv without beginnunge, maketh those, vv hom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them vv yth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, vv home God will so blesse: and albeit that many euil mē reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also vv exe olde in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despying his gray and frostye heares.

VVhom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the



at the first in cōtempt of old age generally. for it vvas an old opinion, and yet is cōtinued in some mens conceipt, that mē of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypered with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blaites of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathie of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe vvisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or vvith much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he vvas at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grimnes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vvith his lookes, he vvas so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus a great cleike and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe *Nemo Senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



*Ægloga Tertia.*

ARGUMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue two shepherds boyes taking occasion of the season, be-  
ginne to make purpose of loue and other plesauce, which to springtime  
is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes  
B.4. and



## March.

and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secreete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vna-wares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye

Thomalin.

**T**homalin, why sytten we soe,  
As weren ouerwent with woe,  
Upon so fayre a morow?  
The ioyous time now nighest fast,  
That shall alegge this bitter blast,  
And flake the winters sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Wyllye, thou warnest well:  
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,  
And pleasant spring appeareth.  
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refreshd,  
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,  
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studdes,  
How bzagly it beginnes to budde,  
And utter his tender head?  
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,  
And bids make ready Maies bowre,  
That newe is vpryft from bedde.  
Tho shall we sporten in delight,  
And learne with Lettice to were light,  
That scornefully looks as kaunce,  
Tho will we little Loue awake,  
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,  
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Wyllye, I wene thou bee assott:  
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?



## March.

fol. 9

O? hast thy selfe his slomber broke?

O? made preue to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,  
Where in a bush he did him hide,  
With winges of purple and blew.  
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,  
The preue marks I would bewray,  
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,  
My selfe will haue a double eye,  
Vlike to my flocke and thine:  
For als at home I haue a sye,  
A stepdame eke as whott as sye,  
That dewly adayes counts mine.

Thomalin.

May, but thy seeing will not serue,  
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,  
And fall into some mischiese.  
For sithens is but the third morowe,  
That I chaunst to fall a slepe with sorowe,  
And waked againe with grieve:  
The while thilke same vnhappyeewe,  
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,  
Fell headlong into a dell,  
And there vniointed both her bones:  
Mought her necke bene iointed attones,  
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.  
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,  
(But now I trowe can better good)  
She mought ne gang on the greene,

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:  
That is to come, let be forcast.  
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

E,

When



## March.

When shepheardes groomes han leaue to playe,  
I cast to goe a shooting.  
Long wandring by and downe the land,  
With bowe and bolts in either hand,  
For birds in bushes rooting:  
At length within an Vuie todde  
(There shrouded was the little God)  
I heard a busie bustling.  
I bent my bolt against the bush,  
Listening if any thing did rushe,  
But then heard no moze rustling.  
Tho peeping close into the thicke,  
Might see the mouing of some quicke,  
Whose shape appeared not:  
But were it faerie, scend, or snake,  
My courage earnd it to awake,  
And manfully thereat shotte.  
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,  
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,  
And laughing lope to a tree.  
His gylden quiver at his backe,  
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,  
Which lightly he bent at me.  
That seeing I, leuelde againe,  
And shotte at him with might and maine,  
As thicke, as it had hayled.  
So long I shotte, that al was spent:  
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,  
And threwe: but nought abailed:  
He was so wimble, and so wight,  
From bough to bough he lepped light,  
And oft the pumies latched.  
Therewith affrayd I ranne away:  
But he, thast earst seemd but to playe,  
A shast in earnest snatched,  
And hit me running in the beele:  
For then I little smart did feele:

But



But soone it soze encreased.  
And now it ranckleth more and moze,  
And inwardly it festreth soze,  
He wote I, how to cease it.

VVillye.

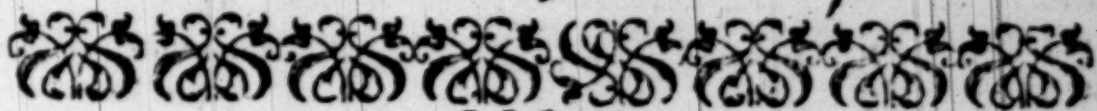
Thomalin, I pittie thy plight.  
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:  
I know him by a token.  
For once I heard my father say,  
How he him caught vpon a day,  
(Whereof he wilbe wroken)  
Entangled in a fowling net,  
Which he for carrion Crows had set,  
That in our Deeretree haunted.  
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,  
But bowe and shafts as then none had:  
Els had he soze be daunted.  
But see the Welkin thicks apace,  
And stouping Phebus steepes his face:  
Its time to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

*To be wise and eke to loue,  
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.*

Thomalins Embleme.

*Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:  
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.*



GLOSS.

THIS Aglogue seemeth somevvhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, vvherein  
the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a vvinged boy in a tree,  
vvvas by hym warned, to beware of mischiefe to come.

ouer vent) ouergone  
To quell) to abate.

Alegge) to lessen or a swage.

VVelkin) the skie.

Cii.

The swallow)



## March.

The swallow) vvhich bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of flowvres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which vvith the abuse of her body hauing gottē great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maia's bovvre) that is the pleasaunt felde, or rather the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddess and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Lettice) the name of some country lasse.

Ascaunce) as keve or asquint.

For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, vvhich the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulnes. VVherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he vv as almost forgotten and out of knowvledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

Affotte) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delightes of Loue and wanton pleasures.

VVinges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspel for thecues, and the vvoodspell. And herehence I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or vvorde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe.

An Yuie todde) a thicke bushe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye .i. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: vvith diuers coloured winges, .i. ful of flying fancies: vvith bowe and arrow, that is vvith glaunce of beautye, vvhich prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorowv for the louer that is disdaind or forsaken. But vvho liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and turniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus: whych vvorke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into Englishe Rymes.

VVimble and vvighte) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not vvithout speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being newely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the

River



**Riuer of Stryx.** The vertue vwhereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes vvashed therein from any mortall vvound. So Achilles being vvashed al ouer, saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therfore by Paris vvvas feyned to bee shotte vvith a poysoned arrowe in the heele, vvhen he vvvas busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which mysticall fable Eustathius vntolding, sayth: that by vvounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnevves, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becōmeth cold and vnfruitful. vvwhich reason our Poete vvell weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

VVroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitie of shepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vvanton youth vvalloweth, be but follye mixt vvith bitternesse, and sorow vvavced with repentance. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vnrestfulnesse all night, and vvearines all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & fynding that we would not haue: euē the selfe things vvwhich best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of ryper yeares, vvvhiche also therevvithall chaungeth our vvonted lyking and former fantasies, vvill then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen youghthes flowre is vvithered, and vve fynde our bodyes and vvits sunswere not to suche vayne iollitie and lustfull pleasure.





Aprill.



*Ægloga Quarta.*

ARGUMENT.

**T**His Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious soueraigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaying him of that boyes great misadventure in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maieslie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

Thenot.

Hobbinoll.

**T**ell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?  
 What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?  
 Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?  
 Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempted to the yeare,  
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like



Like Aprill shoure, so streames the trickling teares  
Ado'ne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

Hobbinoll.

Now thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,  
But for the ladde, whome long I lov'd so deare,  
Nowe loues a lesse, that all his loue doth sco'ne:  
He plonge in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear,  
Hys pleasaunt pipe, whych made vs meriment,  
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbear  
Hys wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?  
Is loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?  
And hath he skill to make so excellent,  
Yet hath so little skill to byde loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:  
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.  
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,  
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,  
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glen:  
So nowe sayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,  
So now his frend is chaunged for a fenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,  
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:  
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,  
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinol.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye  
Of sayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all:  
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,  
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.



## Aprill.



E dayntyfe Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke  
doe bathe your brest,  
For sake your watty bowres, and hether looke,  
at my request:  
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,  
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,  
Helpe me to blaze  
Her worthy praise,  
Which in her sexe doth all excell.  
Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,  
that blessed wight:  
The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,  
In princely plight.  
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,  
Which Pan the shepheards God of her begot:  
So sprong her grace  
Of heauenly race,  
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.  
See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,  
(O seemely sight)  
Vclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,  
And Ermines white.  
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,  
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:  
Bayleaves betweene,  
And Primroses greene  
Embellish the sweete Violet.  
Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,  
Like Phoebe fayre?  
Her heauenly haucour, her princely grace  
can you well compare?  
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,  
In either cheeke depeincten liuely there.  
Her modest eye,  
Her Maiestie,  
Where haue you seene the like, but there?



I sawe Phæbus thrust out his golden hedde,  
 vpon her to gaze:  
 But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,  
 it did him amaze.  
 He blisht to see another Sunne belowe,  
 He durst againe his fyre face out shoue:  
 Let him, if he dare,  
 His brightnesse compare  
 With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe Cynobia with thy siluer rayes,  
 and be not abasht:  
 When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,  
 O how art thou dasht?  
 But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,  
 Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede.  
 Now she is a stone,  
 And makes dayly mone,  
 Warning all other to take heedde.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot  
 such a Bellibone,  
 And Syrinx reioyse, that euer was her lot  
 to beare such an one.  
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,  
 To her will I offer a milkewhite Lamb:  
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,  
 And I her shepherds swayne,  
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see Calliope speede her to the place,  
 where my Goddesse shines:  
 And after her the other Muses trace,  
 with their Violines.  
 Vene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,  
 All for Elisa in her hand to weare?  
 So sweetely they play,  
 And sing all the way,  
 That it a heauen is to heare.



81.  
*Aprill.*

Lo how finely the graces can it soote  
to the Instrument:

They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,  
in their meriment.

Wants not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euens  
Let that rowme to my Lady be geuen:

She shalbe a grace,  
To fyll the fourth place,  
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,  
raunged in a rowe?

They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,  
that vnto her goe.

Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,  
Of Oliue bzaunches beares a Coronall:

Oliues bene for peace,  
When wars doe surcease:  
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Oe shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,  
hpe you there apace:

Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,  
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas shee is in place,  
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:

Binde your fillits faste,  
And gird in your waste,  
For more fnesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,  
With Selliflowres:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,  
woyne of Paramoures.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillics,  
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The pretie Pavence,  
And the Chevisaunce.

Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice,

Now



Now ryse bp *Elisa*, decked as thou art,  
in royall aray:  
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart  
echeone her way,  
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:  
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.  
And if you come hether,  
When Damsines I gether,  
I will part them all you among.

Thenot

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?  
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:  
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,  
For naught caren, that bene so lewoly bent.

Hobbinol.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater son,  
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.  
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,  
And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

*O quam te memorem virgo?*

Hobbinols Embleme.

*O dea certe.*



GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete] causeth thee vveepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken.  
Attempted to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, vvhich mo-  
neth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to deliue  
the drought, caused through drynesse of March vyndes.

The Ladde] Colin Clout] The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks] wretched & curled  
Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking. f. vvhath maner of Ladde is he?  
To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vvord making, our olde Englishe Poetes were  
vvont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vvoorde ποιη-  
to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Dj.

Colin



## April.

**Colin thoukenst]** knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin petteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

**The VVidowes]** He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowne, euen in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle vvoman of no meane house, nor endewed vvith anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellēt Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the vvorthye Poete Stefichorus hys Idole: Vpon vvhom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

**Frenne]** a straunger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and aftervvarde vsed in common custome of speach for forenne.

**Dight]** adorned. **Laye]** a songe. as Roundelayes and Virelayes

In all this songe is not to be respected, vvhat the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vvhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is moste comely for the meanesse of a shepheards vvitte, or to conceiue, or to vtter.

And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepefold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

**Ye daintie]** is, as it vv ere an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

**Virgins]** the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvwhose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye specially flourished the honor of all excellent studies.

**Helicon]** is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvwhich spring it is sayd, that vvhen Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowne) strooke the grovvnde with his hooft, sodenly thereout sprange a vvell of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, vvwhich fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

**Your siluer song]** seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus *ἄργυρον μέλος.*

**Syrinx]** is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying frō him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he vv as almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvwhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But hereby Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and



and Princes, according to Homers saying.

Θυμός δ' ἢ μέγας ἴσ' ἰδιότητος βασιλῆος,  
πρὶν δ' ἐν δόξῃ ἴσ'· φίλῃ δ' ἴ' μάλιστα Ζεῦ.)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so vworthy for her, as Pan the shepheards God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, of tymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the vrye Pan and god of Shepherdes.

Cremosin coronet] he deuiseh her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes vse to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish] beautifye and set out.

Phebe] the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yfere] together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the VVhite, is meant the vni-  
ting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by vvhose longe  
discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traueiled, & almost  
cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, ta-  
king to vvife the most vertuous Princeesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Ed-  
vvard of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde,  
in vvhom vvas the firste vnion of the VVhyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Muses: to vvhome they assigne the honor of all Poetical In-  
vention, & the firste glorye of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the  
Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the  
thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Poly-  
mnia, saying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.  
which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special par-  
tes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth  
great remembraunce, conteineth another part. but I holde rather vvith them,  
vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches] be the signe of honor & victory, & therefore of myghty Conquerors worn  
in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,  
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

The Graces] be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia,  
Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth. s. Pasithea) otherwise called Chari-  
tes, that is thanks. vvho the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of al bountie &  
comelines, vvhich therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete,  
that men first ought to be gracious & bountifull to other freely, then to receiue  
benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankful-  
ly: vvhich are three sundry Actions in liberalitie. And Boccace saith, that they  
be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the  
one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from



# Aprill.

vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanks to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaffly] Finelye and nimbly.

Soote] Sweete.

Meriment] Mirth.

Beuie] A beuie of Ladyes, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake] be Nymphes. For it vvas an olde opinion amongste the Auncient Heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine vvas a goddesse the Soueraigne.

VVhiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an vnlavvfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nympe in Greeke signifieth VVell water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Bedight] called or named.

Cloris] the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of vvhome is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraignty of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas vvont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, vvill not growe neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVhereupon is finely feigned, that vvhen Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth vvare, but at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your] Spoken rudely, and according to shepherdes simplicitie.

Bring] all these be names of flowres. So in vvine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misteme, Flowre deduce, being in Latine called Flos delitatum.

A Bellibone] or a Bonibell. homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonitie.

Forsvonck and forswatt] ouerlaboured and surcharged.

I say Phæbus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *opsis*.

Cynthi] the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll, vvhere she was honoured.

Latoæes seede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom vvhenas Niobe the vvife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her wombe; namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latoæa being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phæbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: where at the vvfortunat Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, vvvas feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children. for which cause the shepherd sayth, he vvill not compare her to them, for feare of like my fortune.

Now rise] is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her vvith prayses and comparisons, he retorne



*Aprill.*

*fol. 16*

redemeth all the thank of hys labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.

VWhen Damsins] A base reuyard of a clovnish giuer.

Yblent] Y, is a poeticall addition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianes damosells: being there most diuinely set forth. To vvhich similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugeness of his imagination, bruste th out in great admiration, (*O quam te memoré virgo*) being otherwise vnhabie, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vworthinesse of his conceipt. Vvhom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that Elisa is nowhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of vvhome that Poete so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe*.

*Maye.*



### *Ægloga Quinta*

#### ARGUMENT

In this firste Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards, Piers & Palinode, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other, with whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to mainteine any fellowship, or giue too much credit to their colourable



## Maye.

lourable and feyned goodwill, he telletb him a tale of the foxe, that by such  
a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

Palinode.

Piers,

I S not thiike the mery moneth of May,  
When loue lads mas ken in fresh aray?  
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,  
Vlike as others, girt in gaydy greene?  
Our bloncket liuerys bene all to sadde,  
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd  
With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods  
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds.  
Youghes folke now flocken in euery where,  
To gather may bus-kets and smelling byere:  
And home they hasten the postes to dight,  
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,  
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,  
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.  
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,  
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younters Palinode such follies fitte,  
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morowe, ne lenger agoe,  
I sawe a shole of shepehardes ougoe,  
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:  
Besore them yode a lusty Tabrere,  
That to the many a Horne pype playd,  
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.  
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,  
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.  
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,  
To fetchen home May with their musicall:  
And home they bringen in a royall throne,  
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone  
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
A fayre flocke of Facries, and a fresh bend



Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,  
To helpe the Ladies their Maybush beare)  
Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,  
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,  
That their sondnesse inly I pitie.  
Those fapours little regarden their charge,  
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,  
Passen their time, that should be sparcely spent,  
In lustibede and wanton meryment.  
Thilke same bene shepheards for the Devils stedde,  
That playen, while their flockes be unfedde.  
Well is it seene, they sheepe bene not their owne,  
That letten them runne at randon alone.  
But they bene hyed for little pay  
Of othe, that caren as little as they,  
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,  
And get all the gayne, paying but a pece.  
I muse, what account both these will make,  
The one for the hire, which he doth take,  
And thother for leauing his Lords tal-ke,  
When gread Pan account of shepherdes shall a-ke.

PALINODE

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,  
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.  
I (as I am) had rather be emied,  
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied:  
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,  
Rather, then other should scozne at me:  
For pitied is mishappe, that nas remedie,  
But scozned bene debes of fond foo'erie.  
What shoulde shepheards other things tend,  
Then sich their God his good does them send,  
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,  
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?  
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,



## Maye.

They sleepe in rest, well as other moe.  
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,  
But what they left behind them, is lost.  
Good is no good, but if it be spend:  
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe:  
Who touches *Ditch* mought needes be defilde.  
But shepheards (as *Algrind* vled to say,)  
Mought not liue plike, as men of the laye:  
With them it sits to care for their heire,  
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:  
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,  
And to continue their wont countenaunce.  
But shepherd must walke another way,  
Sike wordly souenance he must forsay.  
The sonne of his loines why should he regard  
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?  
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,  
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?  
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,  
Little bootes all the welch and the trust,  
That his father left by inheritaunce:  
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.  
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,  
They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,  
Heaping by waues of welch and woe,  
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.  
Sike mens follie I cannot compare  
Better, then to the Apes folish care,  
That is so enaimoured of her young one,  
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none.)  
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,  
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.  
So often times, when as good is meant,  
Euil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,

(For



( For ought may happen, that hath bene befoꝛne )  
 When shepheards had none inheritaunce,  
 Ne of land, noꝛ fee in sufferaunce :  
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,  
 ( Were it moꝛe oꝛ lesse which they did keepe.  
 Well pꝛis was it with shepheards thoe:  
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to foꝛgoe.  
 For Pen himselſe was their inheritaunce,  
 And little them serued foꝛ their mayntenaunce.  
 The shepheards God so wel them guided,  
 That of nought they were vnprouided,  
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,  
 And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.  
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:  
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,  
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,  
 That not content with loyall obeyſaunce,  
 Some gan to gape foꝛ greedie gouernaunce,  
 And match them selſe with mighty potentates,  
 Louers of Lordſhip and troublers of ſtates:  
 Tho gan shepheards ſwaines to looke a loſt,  
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge ſoft:  
 Tho vnder colour of ſhepheards, ſomewhile  
 There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,  
 That often deuoured their owne ſheepe,  
 And often the ſhepheards, that did hem keepe.  
 This was the fiꝛſt ſourſe of ſhepheards ſozowe,  
 That now will be quitte with baile, noꝛ boꝛowe.

PALINODE.

Thꝛee thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,  
 But the fourth to foꝛbeare, is outragious.  
 Women that of Loues longing once luſt,  
 Hardly foꝛbearen, but haue it they muſt:  
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,  
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to allwage:  
 And who can counſell a thriſtie ſoule,  
 With patience to foꝛbeare the offered bowle?



## Maye.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,  
None is, a fooles talke to beare and to beare.  
I wene the Seaint has not such a weight,  
That beares on his shoulers the heauens height.  
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,  
And builde it strong warke vpon a weake ground:  
Thou raplest on right withouten reason,  
And blaime it hem much, for small encheason.  
How shoulde shepherdes liue, if not so?  
What? should they pynen in payne and woe?  
May sayd I thereto, by my deare bozrowe,  
If I may rest, I will liue in sorrowe.

Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on:  
For he will come without calling anone.  
While times enduren of tranquillitie,  
Then we freely our felicitie.  
For when approchen the stormie stowres,  
We mought with our shoulers beare of the sharpe howres.  
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,  
That shepherdes so witen ech others life,  
And layen her faults the world before,  
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.  
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:  
So contek soone by concord mought be ended.

### PIERS.

Shepherd, I list none accordaunce make  
With shepherd, that does the right way forsake.  
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,  
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.  
For what concord han light and darke sam?  
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?  
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde.  
Will doe, as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

### PALINODE.

Now Piers, of felowship, tell vs that saying:  
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.



PIERS.

**T**hike same Kiddle (as I can well deuise)  
Was to very foolish and vnwise.  
For on a tyme in Sommer season,  
The Gate her daine, that had good reason.

Wode forth abroade vnto the greene wood,  
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good.  
But for she had a motherly care  
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,  
Shee set her youngling before he: knee,  
That was both fresh and louely to see,  
And full of fauour, as kiddle mought be:  
His Uellet head began to shoote out,  
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:  
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,  
And spring forth rankly vnder his chinne.

My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weepe:  
For carefull thoughtes in her heart did creepe)  
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,  
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee  
Thy father (that word she spake with payne:  
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)  
Thy father, had he liued this day,  
To see the braunche of his body displaie,  
How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight?  
But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,  
And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,  
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.  
Now I a wayfull widdowe behight,  
Of my old age haue this one delight,  
To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,  
And flourish in flowres of lusty head.  
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,  
And so his haute hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,  
A chilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,  
And interrupted all her other speache,



## Maye.

With some old sorowe, that made a newe breach:  
Seemed shee sawe in the yonglings face  
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.

At last her solein silence she broke,  
And gau his newe budded beard to stroke

Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,  
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,  
Which many wylde beastes liggyn in waite,  
For to entrap in thy tender state:

But most the fore, maister of collusion:  
For he has boued thy last confusion.

For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,  
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.

And if he chaunce come, when I am abroad,  
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:

He for all his worst, nor for his best,  
Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton some,  
That answerd his mother, all should be done.  
Tho went the pensife Damme out of doze,  
And chaunft to stumple at the threshold floze:  
Her stumbling steppes some what her amazed,  
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)

Yet forth shee yode thereat halfe aghast:  
And Kiddie the doze sperred after her fast.

It was not long, after shee was gone,  
But the false fore came to the doze anon:

Not as a fore, for then he had be kend,  
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,  
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,  
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.

A Biggen he had got about his brayne,  
For in his headpeace he felt a soze payne.

His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,  
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.

There at the doze he cast me downe hys pack,  
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.



Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,  
That some good body woulde once pittie mee.

Well heard Kiddle al this soze constraint,  
And longd to know the cause of his complaint:  
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,  
Peeuclie he peeped out through a chinck:  
Yet not so pteuclie, but the Fore him spyed:  
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)  
Iesus blesse that sweete face, I clpye,  
And keepe your corpe from the carefull stounds,  
That in my carrion carcas abound s.

The Kiddle pittying hys heauinesse,  
Asked the cause of his great distresse,  
And also who, and whence that he were,  
Tho he, that had well pcond his lere,  
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,  
Strike, strike, alas, and little lack of dead,  
But I be reliened by your beastly head.

I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure donnei  
For with long traueile I am bzent in the sonne.  
And if that my Grandfice me sayd, be true,  
Sicker I am very sybbe to you :

So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne  
The base kinned of so simple swaine.  
Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,  
With your ayd to forstall my necre decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:  
Wherein whi'e kiddle vnwares did looke,  
He was so enamored with the newell,  
That nought he deemed deare for the fetwell.  
Tho opened he the doze, and in came  
The false Fore, as he were starke lame.  
His taylor he clapt betwixt his legs :wayne,  
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kiddle made him good glee,  
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.



## Maye.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,  
And tell many lesings of this, and that:  
And how he could shewe many a fine knack.  
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,  
All saue a bell, which he left behind  
In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.  
Which when the Kidde scooped downe to catch,  
He popt him in, and his bas-ket did latch,  
He staped he once, the doze to make fast,  
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.  
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,  
She mought see the doze stand open wyde.  
All agast, iowdly she gan to call  
Her Kidde: but he nould answer at all.  
Tho on the floze she sawe the merchandise,  
Of which her sonne had sette to bere a prise.  
What helpe: her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:  
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.  
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be  
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:  
And such end perdie does all hem remaine,  
That of such fallers freendshyp bene sayne.

### PALINODIE.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wit,  
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,  
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale bozrowe  
For our sir John, to say to morowe  
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:  
For well he meanes, but little can say.  
But and if Fores/bene so crafty, as so,  
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

### PIERS.

Of their fallshode moze could I recount.  
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:  
And for the deawie night now doth nye,  
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.



Palinodes Embleme.

Παλινδρόμος ἔμμελον.

Piers his Embleme.

Περὶ τῆς ἀφ' ἑσέως ἀμύνης.



GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vvith pleasure of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket lueries) gray coates.

Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In every where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets) a Diminutiue. i. little bushes of hauthorne.

Kirke) church. Queme) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) went. Iouysfance) ioye. Svvinck) labour. Inly) entirely Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greates and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fiste booke de Preparat. Euang; vvho thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of vvalking sprighthes. vvho sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemption of man, certain passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxx, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvvas the name of an Ægyptian, vvhich was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, vvhen he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan vvvas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to Palodes, there sodeinly vvvas such a calme of winde, that the shippe stode still in the sea vmoued, he vvvas forced to cry alovvde, that Pan was dead: vvherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes and dreadfull shrieking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vvvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that vvvere wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, ansvvere vvvas made him by the vviseft and best learned, that it vvvas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the comen prouerb, Malum Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for vvould not.

Tho vvith them) doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, vvhych caused



## May.

caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido  
 „ Haufit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relictæ.  
 which may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I ate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:  
 „ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, which though much more vvisedome bewraith, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse. the rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?

„ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,

„ And Maulde my wife, that vvas ful deare,

„ VVe liued together lv. yeare.

„ That vve spent, vve had:

„ That vve gaue, vve haue:

„ That vve lesse, vve lost.

Algrim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Enaunter) least that. Souenaunce) remembraunce. Miscreaunce) despeire or misbelieve.

Cheuisaunce ) sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other for spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for GOD himselfe vvas their inheritaunce

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfet keyes, open a vvide gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hinderance of the Church) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of seeding their sheepe, indeede seele of theyr sheepe.

Sourfe) vvellspring and originall.

Borrovve) pledge or suertie.

The Geaunte) is the greates Atlas, vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deepe a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvich to mans seeming perceith the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrey. (of vvhome may bee, that that hil had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination vvherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on his shoulders. Many other coniectures needelesse be told hereof.

VVarke) vvorke:

Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare borovv) that is our sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

VVyten) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely.

Conteck) strife contention.

He) theyr, as vseth Chaucer.

Han) for haue.

Sam) together.

This



This tale is much like to that in *Aesops* fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the saythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Chrifle, that hath alreadie vvith carefull vvatchewords (as heere doth the gote) vvarned his little ones, to beware of such doubting deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernly spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. afforesayd  
Sbe set) A figure called Fictio. which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speeches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sproute and shoote forth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kundle.

And with) A very Poeticall *metaphor*.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutor and gouernour.

That vvord) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

*Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe.

Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion).i.coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily & crafty.

Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastings in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhiche vvvas a shrevvde prophecie of his mishap, that folowed) it is layd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled twise or thrise by the vvay: vvhich of some, that ryding vvith hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, vvvas secretly marked, and aftervvard noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensevvved. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was with in two houvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull death.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. i. Idoles: and glasses. i. Pages, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outvvard patience, and voluntarie sufferance as a vvorke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hole. VVhose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stoundes) fittes: afforesayde.

His lere) his lesson.

Medled) mingled.

Bestlihead.) agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe.) of kynne.

Nevvell) a newe thing.

To forestall) to prauent.

Glee] chere, afforesayde.

Deare a price.) his lyfe, vvhich be lost for those toys.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the motall of the whole tale; whose purpose is to vvaine the protestaunt beware, howe he giveth credit to the vn faythfull



## May.

Catholique: vvhetherof we haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous  
of all, practised of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the ninth.

Fayne) gladd or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn) a Popishe priest, A saying fit for the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spo-  
ken to taunte vnlearned Priestes.

Dismount) descende or set.

Nye) dravveth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in  
reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending,  
that vvhoe doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falschod bree-  
deth mistrust in the mynd, thinking nolesse guile to lurke in others, then in hym-  
selfe. But Piets thereto strongly replyeth vvvith another peece of the same verse,  
saying as in his former fable, vvhath sayth then is there in the saythlesse. For if  
sayth be the ground of religion, vvhich sayth they dayly false, what hold then is  
there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

## June.



## *Aegloga sexta.*

### ARGUMENT.

**T**His *Aeglogue* is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe  
in his loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a Country lasse Ro-  
salind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to  
his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken vnfalschfully, and in  
his steede Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyalty. And this is the  
whole Argument of this *Aeglogue*.

Hobbinoll



HOBBINOL.

COLIN Cloute.



O Collini, here the place, whose pleasant syte  
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde,  
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte?  
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,  
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:

The grassye ground with daintye Daylies dight,  
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde  
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,  
That Paradise hast found, whych Adam lost.  
Here wander may thy flock early or late,  
Withouthe dreade of Wolues to bene ylost:  
Thy louely layes here mayst thou freely voste.  
But I unhappy man, whom cruell fate,  
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,  
Can nowhere fynd, to shouder my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,  
Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:  
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,  
Noz holzbush, noz byere, noz winding witche:  
And to the dales resort, where shipheards ritch,  
And fruitefull flocks bene euery where to see.  
Were no night Rauene lodge more black then pitche,  
Noz eluish ghosts, noz gasly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,  
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,  
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,  
Whilst sisters nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,  
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:  
And Pan himselfe to kisse their chrystall faces,  
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:  
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeres



## June.

Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,  
In such delights did Ioy amongst my peeres:  
But ryper age such pleasures doo h. re.oue,  
My fancye eke from former follies moue  
To stayed steps. for time in passing weares  
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)  
And ozaweth newe delights with hoary beares.

Tho couch I sing of loue, and tune my pype  
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:  
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,  
To giue my Rosalind, and in Sommer shade  
Dight gaudy Gylonds, was my comen trade,  
To crowne her golden locks, but peeres more rype,  
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,  
Those weary wanton toyes away byd wypp.

### HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelays,  
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,  
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:  
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,  
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring  
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rapes,  
Frame to thy songe their chereful cherishing,  
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,  
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,  
Theyr puozp Luyts and Tamburins forgoe:  
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,  
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.  
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst shewe,  
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,  
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

### COLLIN.

Of Muses Hobbinol, I conne no skill:  
For they bene daughters of the hyghest Ioue,  
And holden scozne of homely shepheards quill.



For sith I heard, that Pan with Phœbus stroue,  
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:  
I neuer lyst presume to Parnasse hyll,  
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,  
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,  
He strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:  
With shepheard sittes not, followe flying fame:  
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.  
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:  
The sptter they, my carefull case to frame:  
Enough is me to paint out my vntrest,  
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards Tityrus is dead,  
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.  
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head  
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:  
Weil couth he wayle hys woes, and lightly flake  
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,  
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,  
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,  
(O why should death on hym such outrage shoue?)  
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,  
The same whereof doth dayly greater growe.  
But if on me some little drops would flowe,  
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,  
I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,  
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, caused of discourtesee,  
As messengers of all my painfull plight,  
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,  
And pierce her heart with poynnt of worthy wight:  
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.



## June.

And thou Menalcas, that by trecherie  
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to were so light,  
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villance.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,  
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,  
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,  
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:  
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is more a weede,  
And faultlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,  
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleed,  
That lyes on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull Colin, I lament thy case,  
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.  
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,  
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.  
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:  
Then ryle ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
Least night with stealing steppes do you forlorne,  
And weete your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

*Gia speme spenta.*



GLOSSE.

Syre) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, vwherein Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; vwherein Adam in his first creation was placed. VWhich of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the vworld (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus description of it, in the hystorie of Alexanders conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, vwhereof it is so denominated.

Forlake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)



informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dwelt. Nis) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, vvhether he nowe abydeth, vvhich thoughte they be full of hylles and vwoodes (for Kent is very hyllye and vwoodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth vwoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (VWhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhere.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elves is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the thinges, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so feigned; vvhich as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nouse the comen people in ignorounce, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of thinges, they vvoulde in tyme sinell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time vvere frowarde and vvanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. VWhich vvords novve from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes & Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmē vsed to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrevvbury; whose nobleste bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies vvere defeated & put to flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In somuch that the Frēch vvemen, to affray theyr chyldren, vvould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vvmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyttes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes cyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, this same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

Haydeguyes) A cecill vdaunce or rovvynd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moone light. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres] Equalles and felow shepheards. Que ne apples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse. Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrased in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of vvater, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afforesayde.

This staffe is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, vvhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan vvith Phæbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo struing for excellencie



## June.

cellencye in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. VWho being corrupted vvyth partiall affection, gaue the victorie to Pan vnderferued: for vvhich Phœbus sette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

**Tityrus)** That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales. vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Deum vitæ suæ .i. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie.

O vvhyl] A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie) he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a shephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, agaynst vvhom he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderfonge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie vvas Anchora speme : for that as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But now being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come. vvhich is all the meaning of thys Embleme.







*Ægloga septima.*

ARGUMENT.

**T**His Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherdes, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

I S not thlike same a goteheard pꝛowde,  
that sittes on ponder bancke,  
Whose straying heard them selſe doth shꝛowde  
among the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iolly shepherds swayne,  
come vꝑ the hꝑll to me:  
Better is, then the lowly playne,  
als fꝛ thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God shield, man, that I should cline,  
and learne to looke aloſte,  
This reede is ryſe, that oftentime  
Great clymbers fall vnloſt.



*Iuly.*

In humble dales is footing fast,  
the trode is not so tricke:  
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,  
yet is his misse not mickle.  
And now the Sonne hath reared vp  
his fyrie footed teme,  
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,  
and golden Diademe:  
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,  
with Dogge of noysome breath,  
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast  
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.  
Agaynst his cruell scorching heate  
where hast thou couerture?  
The wastefull hylls vnto his threate  
is a playne ouerture.  
But if thee lust, to holden chat  
with seely shepherds swayne,  
Come downe, and learne the little what,  
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,  
and rekes much of thy swinck,  
That with fond termes, and weetlesse words  
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.  
In euill houre thou heatest in hond  
thus holy hylls to blame,  
For sacred vnto saints they stond,  
and of them han theyr name.  
S. Michels mount who does not know,  
that wardes the Westerne coste?  
And of S. Brigets bowne I crow,  
all Kent can rightly boaste:  
And they that con of Muses skill,  
sayne most what, that they dwell  
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,  
beside a learned well.

And



And wonned not the great God Pan,  
vpon mount Oliuet:

Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,  
which dyd himselfe beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,  
that bought his flocke so deare,  
And them did saue with bloudy sweat  
from Wolves, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Beside, as holy fathers sayne,  
there is a hyllpe place,  
Where Titan ryseth from the mayne,  
to renne hys dayly race.

Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayd,  
and all the skie doth leane,

There is the caue, where Phebe layed,  
the shepheard long to dycame.

Whilome there bled shepheards all  
to feede theyr flocks at will,

Till by his folly one did fall,  
that all the rest did spill.

And sithe shepherdes bene foresayd  
from places of delight:

For thy I weene thou be affrayd,  
to clime this hilles height.

Of Synah can I tell thee moze,  
And of our Ladys bowze:

But little needes to strow my store,  
suffice this hill of our.

Here han the holy Faunes recourse,  
and Syluanes haunten rathe.

Here has the salt Medway his course,  
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.

The salt Medway, that trickling stremis  
adowne the dales of Kent:



## Julye.

Till with his elder brother Themis  
His blackish waues be meynt.  
Here growes Melampode euery where,  
and Teribinth good for Gotes:  
The one, my madding kiddes to sinere,  
the next, to heale theyr throttes.  
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,  
and thence the passage ethe.  
As well can proue the piercing leuin,  
that seeldome falls byneth.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lozell,  
of Heauen to demen so:  
How be I am but rude and bozell,  
yet nearer wayes I knowe.  
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,  
has bene an old sayd sawe.  
And he that strives to touch the starres,  
oft stumbles at a strawe,  
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,  
that leades in lowly dales,  
As Goteherd proude that sitting hye,  
vpon the Mountaine sayles.  
My seely sheepe like well belowe,  
they ncede not Melampode:  
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,  
and liken theyr abode,  
But if they with thy Gotes shoulde yede,  
they soone myght be corrupted:  
Or like not of the frowie fede,  
or with the weedes be glutted.  
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,  
I reuerence and adore:  
Not for themselfe, but for the saynctes,  
Which han be dead of yore.  
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,  
theyr good is with them goe:

Theyr



They? sample onely to vs lent,  
 That als we mought doe soe.  
 Shepheards they weren of the best,  
 and liued in lowlye leas:  
 And sith they? soules bene now at rest,  
 why done we them disease?  
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard  
 old Algrind often sayne)  
 That whilome was the first shepheard,  
 and liued with little gayne:  
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,  
 simple, as simple sheepe,  
 Humble, and like in eche degree  
 the flocke, which he did keepe.  
 Often he vled of hys keepe  
 a sacrifice to bring,  
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe  
 the Altars hallowing.  
 So lowred he vnto hys Lord,  
 such fauour couth he fynd,  
 That sithens neuer was abhord,  
 the simple shepheards kynd.  
 And such I weene the brethren were,  
 that came from Canaan:  
 The brethren twelue, that kept yfere  
 the flockes of mighty Pan.  
 But nothing such thilk shepheard was,  
 whom I da hyll dyd beare,  
 That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,  
 whose loue he bought to deare:  
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,  
 (no such mought shepheards bee)  
 And with lewde lust was overlaid:  
 tway things doen ill agree:  
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,  
 well eyed, as Argus was,



## Julye.

With fleshly follyes bndcyled,  
and stoute as steede of brasle.  
Sike one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,  
that sawe hys makers face,  
His face more cleare, then *Christall* glasse,  
and spake to him in place.  
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)  
the first of all his cote,  
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,  
as he that earst I hote.  
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,  
and loued their flocks to feede,  
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,  
and simple was theyr weede.  
But now (thanked be God therfore)  
the world is well amend,  
Their weedes bene not so nighly woze,  
such simpleste mought them shend:  
They bene yclad in purple and pall,  
so hath theyr god them blis,  
They reigne and rulen ouer all,  
and lord it, as they list:  
Pyrrt with beltes of glitterand gold.  
(mought they good sheepeheards bene)  
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,  
I saye as some haue seene.  
For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)  
pode late on *Pilgrimage*  
To *Rome*, (if such be *Rome*) and then  
he sawe thilke misusage.  
For sheepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,  
as Lordes done other where,  
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:  
the chippes, and they the chere:  
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,  
(O seely sheepe the while)  
The corne is theyrs, let other thresch,  
their hands they may not file.

They



They han great stoꝛes, and thꝛifte stoꝛes,  
great freendes and feeble foes:

What neede hem caren foꝛ their flockes?  
theyꝛ boꝛes can looke to those.

These wisards welte in welchs waues,  
pampꝛed in pleasures deepe,

They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,  
their fasting flockes to keepe.

Like mister men bene ail misgone,  
they heapen hylles of wꝛath:

Like sylve shepheards han we none,  
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,  
lost foꝛ lacke of telling,

Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:  
harne may come of melling.

Thou medlest moꝛe, then shall haue thanke,  
to wyten shepheards welth:

When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,  
it is a signe of helth.

But say me, what is *Algrin* he,  
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree.  
but hath bene long ypent.

One daye he sat vpon a hyl,  
(as now thou wouldest me:

But I am taught by *Algrins* ill,  
to loue the lowe degree.)

Foꝛ sitting so with bared scalpe,  
An Eagle soꝛed hꝛe,

That weening hys whꝛte head was chalke,  
a shell fish downe let fꝛe:

She weend the shell fische to haue broake,  
but therewith bꝛꝛzd his bꝛayne,

So now astonied with the stroke,  
he lꝛes in lingring payne.

¶

Morrell.



## Julye.

Morrell.

Ah good *Algrin*, his hap was ill,  
but shall be better in time.

Now farwell shepheard, sith thys hyl  
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

*Palinodes Embleme.*

*In medio virtus.*

*Morrells Embleme.*

*Fn summo fœlicitas.*



### GLOSSE.

A Goteheard] By Gotes in scrypture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvwhose  
pastour also must needes be such.

Banck] is the seate of honor. Straying heard] which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als] for also. Clymbe] spoken of Ambition. Great clymbers] according to Sene-  
neca his verse, Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus. Mickle] much.

The sonne] A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shel-  
ter against the scorching sunne. according to the time of the yeare, vvvhiche  
is the vvhotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe] Be tvvo signes in the Firmament, through vvvhich the sonne  
maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion vvwith one Dogge.  
The meaning vvwhereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo At vvvhich tyme the  
Dogge starre, vvvhich is called Syrius or Canicula reigne th, vvwith immoderate  
heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.

Ouerture] an open place. The vvword is borioved of the French, & vsed in good vvriters  
To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde] vvvas vvvent among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the  
Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvvre called for  
more dread and dignitie, Lurdanes. f. Lord Danes. At vvvhich time it is sayd, that  
the insolencie and pryde of that nation vvvas so outrageous in thys Realme, that  
if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and save the Dane set foote  
vvpon the same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane vvvere cleane ouer, or els a-  
byde the pryce of his displeasure, vvvhich vvvas no lesse, then present death. But be-  
ing aftervvarde expelled that name of Lurdane became so odious vvnto the  
people, vvvhom they had long oppressed, that even at this daye they vse for more  
reproche, to call the Quartaine ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy paynes. VVectelesse] not vvnderstoode.

S. Michels



S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the VWest part of England.

A hill) Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen

VWhere Titan) the Sonne. VWhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich tovvard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan :

The Shepheard] is Endymion, vvhom the Poets fayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phoebe. f. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.

There) that is in Paradise, vvhether through error of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys of spring be debarred & shutte out from thence.

Synah) a hill in Arabia, vvhether God appeared.

Our Ladyes bovre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Syluanes] be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoode.

Medway] the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whom he calleth his elder brother, borh because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt] mingled. Melampode and Terebinth] be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

*περιμνησκει τὴν ἰσχυρὰν ἀνιμω.*

Nigher heauen] Note the shepheards simpleness, vvhich supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.

Leuin] Lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell] A lotell. A borrell.] a playne fellowe. Narre] nearer.

Hale] for hole. Yede] goe. Frovvy] mustye or mossie.

Of yore] long agoe. Forevvente] gone afore.

The firste shepheard] vvas Abell the righteous, vvhether (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe] hys charge f. his flocke. Lovvted] did honour and reuerence.

The brethren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhych vvere shepemaisters, and lyued one lye thereupon.

VVhom Ida] Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, vvhich being vwith child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyl Ida; vvhether being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time be came a shepheard, and lastly came to knowvledge of his parentage.

A lasse] Helena the vvyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon vwith a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye. which vvas the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the moste famous citye



## Fulye.

of all Asia most lamentably sacked and defaced.

**Argus]** was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cōv Io: So called because that in the print of a Corves foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

**His name)** he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shepheard sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy vvrit should seeme to exceede the meane nesse of the Person.

**Not so true)** for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

**In purple]** Spoken of the Popes and Cardinales, vvvhich vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting. Belts) Girdles.

**Glitterand)** Glittering. a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, vvvhom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

**Palinode)** A shepheard, of vvvhose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

**VVifards)** greate learned heads. **VVelter)** wallowve. **Kerne)** a Churle or Farmer.

**Sike mister men)** such kinde of men. **Surly)** stately and provvde **Melling)** medling.

**Bett)** better. **Bynempte)** named. **Gree)** for degree.

**Algrin** the name of a shepheard afforesayde, vvvhose myshap he alludeth to the chauce, that happened to the Poet *Æschylus*, that vvvas brayned with a shellfishe.

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, vvvhich in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proued. for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lowvly state, as that wherein is safetie vvwithout feare, and quiet vvwithout danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed vvwith tvvo contrary vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth vvwith continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dvvelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dvvelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, vvvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitie out of a great doctour, *Suorum Christus humillimus*: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again vvwith lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. *Suorum deus allissimus*.







## Ægloga octaua.

## ARGUMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neat beards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Authour.

VVilleye.

Perigot.

Cuddie.

**T**ell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,  
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?  
Or bene thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?  
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benoind with ache?

Perigot.

Ah Willeye, when the hart is ill assayde,  
How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well apayd?

VVilleye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?  
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,  
And wont to make the iolly shepheards gladde,  
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

H. 3.

Perigot



## August.

Perigot.

Ah Willye now I haue learnd a newe daunce:  
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,  
That so hath raft vs of our meriment.

But recde me, what payne doth thee so appall?  
O louest thou, or bene thy younglings nuwent?

Perigor.

Loue hath missed both my younglings, and mee:  
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawaye: ill may they thriue:  
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight,  
But and if in ryms with me thou dare strue,  
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

Perigor.

That shall I doe, though moche worse I fared:  
Neuer shall be sayde that Perigor was dared.

VVillye.

Then loe Perigor the Pledge, which I plight:  
A mazer ywrought of the Haple warre:  
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight  
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:  
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,  
Entrailed with a wanton Vuie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:  
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,  
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:  
And here with his shepehookke hath him slayne.  
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?  
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

Perigor.

Thereto will I pawne ponder spotted Lambe,  
Of all my flocke there nis like another:  
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.  
But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,

That



That he purchast of me in the playne field:  
Soze against my will was I forst to yeld.

VVillye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.  
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall ponder heardgrome, and none other,  
Which ouer the pouste hetherward doth post.

VVillye.

But for the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,  
Were not better, to shunne the scortching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed Willy: then sitte thee downe swayne:  
Like a song neuer hearest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards twayne:  
Like a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Perigot.

Willye.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.



I fell vpon a holly cue,  
hey ho hollidape,  
When holly fathers went to shrieue:  
now gynneth this roundelay.  
Sitting vpon a hill so hye,  
hey ho the high hyll,

The while my flocke did feede thereby,  
the while the shepheard selfe did spill:

I saw the bouncing Bellibone,  
hey ho Bonibell,

Tripping ouer the dale alone,  
she can trippe it very well:

Well decked in a frocke of gray,  
hey ho gray is greece,

And in a Kirtle of greene saye,  
the greene is for maydens meete:

A chapelet on her head she wore,  
hey ho chapelet,

Of sweete Violets therein was store,  
she sweeter then the Violet.



## August.

Per.	My sheepe did leaue they wanted foode,
Wil.	hey ho seely sheepe,
Per.	And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil.	Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per.	As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil.	hey ho bonilasse,
Per.	She rouded at me with glauncing eye,
Wil.	as cleare as the chrystall glasse:
Per.	All as the Sunnys beame so bright,
Wil.	hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per.	Glaunceth from Phæbus face forthright,
Wil.	so loue into my hart did streame:
Per.	O as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil.	hey ho the Thonder,
Per.	Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil.	so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per.	O as Dame Cynthias siluer raye
Wil.	hey ho the Moone light,
Per.	Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil.	such play is a pittous plight.
Per.	The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil.	hey ho the glyder,
Per.	Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil.	such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per.	Hasting to raunch the arrow cut,
Wil.	hey ho Perigot,
Per.	I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil.	it was a desperate shot.
Per.	There it ranchleth ay more and more,
Wil.	hey ho the arrowe,
Per.	Ne can I find salue for my soze:
Wil.	loue is a carelesse sorowe.
Per.	And though my bale with death I boughte.
Wil.	hey ho heauie cheere,
Per.	Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil.	so you may buye gold to deare.

But



Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.

But whether in paynesfull loue I pynie,  
hep ho pinching payne,  
Or thine in welth, she shalbe mine,  
but if thou can her obtaine.  
And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,  
hep ho gracelesse greefe,  
Winnesse, shee slewe me with her eye:  
let thy follye be the priefe.  
And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,  
hep ho the fayre flocke,  
For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,  
and mone with many a mocke.  
So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,  
hep ho holidaye,  
That euer since my hart did greue.  
now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddye,

Sicker like a roundle neuer heard I none.  
Little lacketh Perigot of the best.  
And Willye is not greatly ouergone,  
So weren his vnder songs well addrest.

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:  
Areede vprightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.  
For thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:  
And for Perigot so well hath hym payned,  
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:  
He can Willye wite the witelesse herdgroome.

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,  
The shepheard of I da, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it not pshend  
Your roundels fresh, to heare a doelefull verse

I.

Of



August.

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)  
That Colin made, plike can I pou rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:  
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

VVilly.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt yecrowned be  
In Colins stede, if thou this song areede:  
For neuer thing on earth so pleasech me,  
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,  
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.



Y<sup>e</sup> wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,  
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:  
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,  
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:  
Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me oft a sleepe,  
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte  
Resort of people doth my griefs augment, (augment.  
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:  
The forest wide is fitter to resound  
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,  
I hate the house, since thence my lone did part,  
Whose waylefyll want debarres myne eyes from sleepe  
Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:  
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment  
My doole, drawe neare. Doe meete to wayle my woe,  
Bene the wild woddes my sorowes to resound,  
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,  
When I them see so waite, and fynd no part  
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart  
In gaskull groue therfore, till my last sleepe  
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment  
With sight of such a chaunge my restless woe:  
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound  
Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes



Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes  
 (Which of my woe cannot be wyap least part)  
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,  
 Increase, so let your pynsome pells augment.  
 Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe  
 I bowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound  
 She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound  
 To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.  
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,  
 That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe  
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment  
 The memozy of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:  
 And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound  
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,  
 Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioye,  
 How I admire cch turning of thy verse:  
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liesest boye,  
 How dolfully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at home:  
 The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

*Vincenti gloria victi.*

Willyes Embleme.

*Vinto non vitto.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Felice chj puo.*



GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.  
 Raste) bereft, deprived.

Peregall) equall.  
 Misvvent) gon a straye.  
 I. 2.

VVhalome) once.  
 Ill may) according  
 to



48.107

## August.

to Virgile.

In felix o semper ouis pecus.

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions euery vvhether vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede he by that name termeth his *Æglogues*: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvhether of his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but *Hædilia*, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) vvrought betvvene.

Haruest Queene) The manner of countrÿ folke in haruest tyme. Pouffe.) Pease.

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvhō VVilly answereth euery vnder verte. By Perigot vvho is meant, I can not vvrightly say: but if it be, vvho is supposed, his love deterueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vvvas sayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced.

But if) not vnlesse. Squint eye) partiall iudgement. Ech haue) so sayth Virgile.

Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Dooome) iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, iudged. VVith the vvitelesse) blame the blamelesse.

The shepherd of Ida) vvvas sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hercof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeie claming the cōquest, & VVillye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to challenge it, as his devv, saying, that he, is happy vvich can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vvind the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of vvith the best.







## Ægloga Nona.

## ARGUMENT.

**H**erein Diggon Dauie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrie. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demand, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinol.

Diggon Dauie.



Diggon Dauie, I bidde her god day:  
Oz Diggon her is, oz I mistake.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,  
But now her is a most wretched wight.  
For day, that was, is wightly past,  
And now at earst the dirke night doth last.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?  
Neuer I wilt thee in so pooze a plight.  
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?  
Oz bene they chaffred? oz at mischiefe dead?

Diggon



## September.

Diggon.

Al for loue of that, is to thee moſte leefe,  
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grieſe:  
Like queſtion ripeſh by cauſe of newe woe,  
For one opened more vnfolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Ray, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in hart  
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous ſmart.  
Eche thing imparted is moze eath to beare:  
When the rayne is ſaln, the cloudes waxen cleare.  
And nowe ſithence I ſawe thy head laſt,  
Thyſe thre Doones bene fully ſpent and paſt:  
Since when thou haſt meaſured much grownd,  
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,  
So as thou can many thinges relate:  
But tell me firſt of thy flockes aſtate.

Diggon.

My ſheepe bene walted, (wae is me therefore)  
The iolly ſhepheard that was of yore,  
Is nowe noz iollye, noz ſhephearde moze.  
In forrein coſtes, men ſayd, was plentye:  
And ſo there is, but all of miſerpe.  
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtoze,  
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſoze.  
In tho countreyes, whereas I haue bene,  
No being for thoſe, that truely mene,  
But for ſuch, as of guile maken gayne,  
No ſuch countreye, as there to remaine.  
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,  
And maken a Mart of theyr good name.  
The ſhepheards there robben one another,  
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.  
Or they will buy his ſheepe out of the cote,  
Or they will caruen the ſhepheards throte.  
The ſhepheards ſwayne you cannot wel ken,  
But it be by his pryde, from other men:  
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And



And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,  
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,  
That vneth may I stand any moze:  
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth soze,  
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,  
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.  
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:  
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,  
And make a mocke at the blustering blast.  
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,  
That euer I cast to haue lozne this grounde.  
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,  
To leaue the good, that I had in hande,  
In hope of better, that was vnconth:  
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.  
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)  
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,  
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,  
Bene all sterued with pyne and penurie.  
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,  
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,  
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.  
Content who liues with tryed state,  
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:  
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,  
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was betwicht  
With vayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.  
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre  
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:



## September.

I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:  
But nowe I wote, it is nothing lich.  
For eyther the shepheards bene yole and still,  
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyll:  
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,  
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.  
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,  
He in good nor goodnes taken delight:  
But kindle coales of conteeke and pye,  
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:  
Which when they thinke agayne to quench  
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.  
They saye they con to heauen the high way,  
But by my soule I dare vnderlaye,  
They neuer sette foote in that same troade,  
But balk the right way, and strapen abroad.  
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:  
But aske hem therfore, what they han paund.  
Marrie that great Pan bought with deare bozrom,  
To quite it from the blacke bowze of sorowe.  
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:  
For thy woulde drawe with hem many moe.  
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:  
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.  
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,  
Badde is the best (this english is flacc.)  
Their ill hauour garres men missay,  
Both of their doctrine, and of their saye.  
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,  
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.  
Oher sayne, but how truly I note,  
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.  
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)

That.



That like mischiefe graſeth hem among,  
 All for they caſten too much of worlde care,  
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:  
 For ſuch encheaſon, If you goe npe,  
 Fewe chymneis reeking you ſhall eſpye:  
 The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the ſtal,  
 Is nowe faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.  
 Thus chatten the people in theyr ſteads,  
 Vlike as a Monſter of many heads.  
 But they that ſhooten neereſt the pycke,  
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.  
 For bigge Bulles of Baſan brace hem about,  
 That with theyr hoznes butten the moze ſtoute:  
 But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote.  
 And to ſeek redreſſe mought little boote:  
 For liker bene they to pluck away moze,  
 Then ought of the gotten good to reſtoze.  
 For they bene like foule wagmoires ouergraſt,  
 That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,  
 The moze to wind it out thou doeſt ſwinck,  
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper ſinck.  
 Yet better leaue of with a little loſſe,  
 Then by much weſtling to leeſe the groſſe.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt to plaines  
 Better it were, a little to ſeyne,  
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.  
 Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured  
 But of like paſtours howe done the flockes creepe?

Diggon.

Like as the ſhepheards, like bene her ſheepe,  
 For they will liſten to the ſhepheards voyce,  
 But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,  
 They wander at wil, and ſtray at pleaſure,  
 And to theyr foldes yeld at their owne leaſure.  
 But they had be better come at their cal:  
 For many han into miſchiefe fall,

R.

And



## September.

And bene of ravenous Woldes preynt,  
All for they would be burome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,  
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,  
Neuer was Woolfe scene many nor some,  
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chrissiendome:  
But the fewer Woldes (the soth to sayne,)  
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secreete wise,  
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,  
They walke not widely as they were wont  
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:  
But priuely prolling two and froe,  
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinol.

O priue or pert yf any bene,  
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinnz.

Diggon.

Indcede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,  
And could make a iolly hole in thoyr furre.  
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,  
But heedye shepheards to discerne their face.  
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,  
The bene so graue and full of mayntenaunce.  
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,  
Chaunced to Rossynn not long ygoe?

Hobbinol.

Say it out Diggon, what ever it hight,  
For not but well mought him betight.  
He is so meeke, wise, and merciablen,  
And with his word his worke is conuenable.  
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,  
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)  
Shepheards sith, God mought vs many send,  
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Diggon



Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke:  
 He has a Dogge to byte oz to barke,  
 Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre,  
 That waketh, and if but a lease sturre.  
 Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,  
 That with many a Lambe had gluttet his gulfe.  
 And euer at night went to repayre  
 Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,  
 Vcladde in clothing of seely sheepe,  
 When the good old man bled to sleepe.  
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,  
 (For he had eft learned a curre's call.)  
 As if a Wolfe were emong the sheepe.  
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,  
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)  
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte.  
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye.  
 This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,  
 A Lambe, oz a Kidde, oz a weanell wast:  
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.  
 Long time he bled this slippery prauke,  
 Ere Roffy could for his labour him thanke  
 At end the shepheard his practise spied,  
 (For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)  
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,  
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,  
 And tooke out the Wolfe in his counterfect cote,  
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Diggon.

Harry Diggon, what should him affraye,  
 To take his owne where euer it laye?  
 For had his weland bene a little widder,  
 He would haue deuoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,  
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:



## September.

Foz it was a perilous beast aboue all,  
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.  
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,  
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,  
As if it the old man selfe had bene.  
The dog his maisters voice did it weene,  
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the doze,  
And ranne out, as he was wont of poze.  
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,  
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:  
And had not Rossy renne to the steuen,  
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,  
All foz he did his deuoyr belive.  
If like bene Wolues, as thou hast told,  
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,  
Foz fallen hem of their wilinesse?  
Foz thy with shepheard sittes not playe,  
Oz sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:  
But euer liggen in watch and ward,  
From soddein force they flockes foz to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,  
All the cold season to wach and waite.  
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee,  
Why should we be bound to such miseree?  
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,  
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,  
Mought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile.  
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,  
My piteous plight and losse to amend?  
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,  
Of ayde oz counsell in my decape.

Hobbinoll



Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lamene  
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,  
Nethelisse thou seest my lowly saile,  
That froward fortune doth euer auaille.  
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,  
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.  
But if to my corage thou wilt resort,  
So as I can: I wil thee comfort:  
There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,  
Till fapzet Fortune shewe forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.  
Diggon on fewe such freends did euer lite.

Diggon's Embleme.

*Inopem me copia fecit.*



G L O S S E.

The Dialecte and phrased of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party hercin meant, vwho being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraine cuntries, and there scene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvhich commeth beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. I. to saye his prayers.

VVightly) quicklie, or sodenlye. Chaffred) solde. Dead at mischiese) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leese) deare. Ette) easie. These thre moones) nine monethes. Measured) for traueled.

VVae) vvoe Northernly. Eeked) encreased. Caruen) cutte. Kenne) know.

Cragge) neck. State) stoutely Stanck) vvearie or fainte.

And nowve) He applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, vvhich is in the end of haruest, which they call the fall of the lease: at vvhich tyme the VVesterne vvynde beareth most svvaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis. Lorne) lesse Soote) svvete.

Vncouth) vnknown. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Trar slated out of Mantuane. Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen. Contek) strife.

Trode) path. Marrie that) that is, their soules, vvhich by popish Exorcismes & practises they damme to hell.

Blacke



## September.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Mister) maner. Mirke) obscure. VVarre) worse.  
 Crumenall) purse. Brace compasse: Encheson) occasion. Ouergrast) ouergrowe  
 vwith grasse. Galage) shoe. The grosse) the whole.

Buxome and bent) meeke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.

vvhich king caused all the VVolues, vvhich of then vvas store in thys countrye,  
 by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that time, there haue ben  
 VVolues here sounde, vnlesse they were brought from other countryes. And  
 therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of yntruth, for saying there be VVolues in  
 England.

Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indede  
 it vvas vvent to be an olde prouerbe and comen phrase. The original vvhich  
 of vvas, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvas  
 christened, Kent onely except, vvhich remayned long after in mysbeliefe and  
 vnchristened, So that Kent vvas counted no part of Christendome.

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iustice. Enaunter) least that.

Inly) inwardly. afforesayde. Preuely or pert) openly sayth Chaucer.

Roffy) The name of a shephearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge.

vvhich he here commendeth for greate care and vwise gouernance of his flock

Colin cloute) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Au-  
 thor selfe. vvhose especiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly  
 Mayster Gabriel Haruey: of vvhose speciall commendation, as well in Poetrye  
 as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, we haue lately had a sufficient try-  
 all in diuerse his vvorke, but specially in his Musarum Lachrymæ, and his late  
 Gratulationū Valdinen sium vvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex,  
 he dedicated in vwriting to her Maiestie. after vvhich presenting the same in print  
 vnto her Highnesse at the vvorshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside  
 other his sundrye most rare and very notable vwrtings, partly vnder vknown  
 Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys Tyrannomastix, his Ode  
 Natalitia, his Rameidos, and especially that parte of Philomusus, his diuine  
 Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of  
 other shepheardes, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar freendes  
 and best acquayntance.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular Action of his. But vvhich, I certein  
 lye know not.

VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) (kie. afforesaid.

A VVeane) vvasse) a vveaned youngling. Hidder and shidder) He & she. Male  
 and Female. Steuen) Noyse. Belue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verse  
 translated. Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est.

For) dravve or distresse.

Vetchie) of Pease strawe.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For vvhich the foolish boye by beholding hys  
 face in the brooke, fell in loue vwith his ovne likenesse: and not hable to con-  
 tent him selfe vwith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him  
 poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But our Diggon v-  
 seth it to other purpose, as vvhich that by tryall of many vvayes had sounde the  
 vvorst,



September.

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vvorst, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into great penurie. This poesie I knowe, to haue bene much vsed of the author, and to suche like effecte, as fyrste Narcissus spake it.

October.



*Aegloga decima.*

ARGUMENT.

**I**N Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiske finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and enen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular account & honor, & being indede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *divinae* and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.

Pierce.

Cuddie.

**C**uddie, for shame hold vp thy beaups head,  
And let vs cast with what delight to chace:

R. 4.

And



## October.

And weary thys long lingsring Phæbus race.  
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,  
In rymes, in riddles, and in bydding base:  
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead?

Cuddye.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,  
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and woze:  
And my pooze Muse hath spent her spared store,  
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.  
Such pleasaunce makes the Grasshopper so pooze,  
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,  
To feede yowthes fancie, and the flocking fry,  
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?  
They han the pleasure, I a slender pryse.  
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:  
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the pryce,  
The gloze eke much greater then the gayne:  
O what an honoz is it, to restraine  
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:  
O prycke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,  
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,  
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:  
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,  
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his name  
From Plutoes balefull bowze withouten leaue:  
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,  
And wondzen at bright Argus blazing eye:  
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?  
O feedes him once the fuller by a graine?



Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,  
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in bayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,  
Lyft by thy selfe out of the lowly dust:  
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,  
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne.  
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,  
And helmes vnbryzed weren dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,  
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:  
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,  
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,  
Aduaunce the worthy whome shee loueth best,  
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubbozne stroke of stronger sounds,  
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:  
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,  
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,  
All were *Elisa* one of thiske same ring.  
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddye.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*. I heare,  
Through his *Mecenas* lest his Daten reede,  
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,  
And laboured lands to yeld the timely eare,  
And erst did sing of warres and deadly drede,  
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in claye,  
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:  
And all the worthies liggyn wyapt in leade,  
That matter made for Poets on to play:  
For euer, who in derring doe were drede,  
The loslie verse of hein was loued aye.



## October.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,  
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:  
The haunting Poets found nought worth a pease,  
To put in pzeace among the learned troupe.  
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,  
And sonnet light honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poetrie,  
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:  
Or it mens follies mote be forst to sayne,  
And rolle with rest in ryms of rybaudrye.  
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:  
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poetrie, where is then the place?  
If not in Princes pallace thou doe lict:  
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)  
Ne best of baser birth doth thee embrace.  
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,  
And, whence thou canst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,  
So high to soze, and make so large a flight:  
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,  
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne:  
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,  
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,  
And lyfres him bp out of the loathsome myze:  
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,  
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.  
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,  
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,  
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:  
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The



The haunted berse a vacant head demaundes.  
 He wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,  
 Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ener casts to compasse weightye prise,  
 And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:  
 Let powre in lauish cups and thristie bitts of meate,  
 For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phæbus wise.  
 And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,  
 The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryle.

Thou kenst not Percie howe the ryme should rage.  
 O if my temples were distaind with wine,  
 And girt in girlonds of wild Vuie twine,  
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,  
 And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,  
 With queint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,  
 For thy, content vs in thys humble shade:  
 Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,  
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pires.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:  
 Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

*Agitante calescimus illo &c.*



G L O S S E.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vvherein hee repro-  
 ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome  
 is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their  
 naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in  
 Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall  
 vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubt vvhether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For  
 L.ij. in



## October.

in the eyght *Æglogue* the same person was brought in, singing a *Cantion of Collins* making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

*VVhilome*) somerime.

*Oaten reedes*) *Auena*.

*Ligge so layde*) *lye so faynt and vnlustye*.

*Dapper*) *pretye*.

*Frye*) is a bold *Metaphore*, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine:) This place seemeth to conspyre vvith *Plato*, who in his first booke de *Legibus* sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry vvas of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called *Panegyrica*, vvich they vsed euery fye yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable the the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, vvould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it vvcre rauished, vvith delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he vvas inspired from aboue, called him *vatem*: vvich kinde of men aftervvarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of men) found out lighter matter of Poetrie also, some playing vvith loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some povvred out in pleasures, and so vvcre called *Poetes* or makers.

Sence bereaue) vvhat the secrete vvorking of Musick is in the myndes of men, asvvell appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste vvise, as *Plato* and *Pythagoras* held for opinion, that the mynd vvas made of a certaine harmonie and musicall nombers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of *Alexander*: to vvhom vvhen as *Timotheus* the great Musitian playd the *Phrygian* melodie, it is said, that he vvas distraught vvith such vnvvonted fury, that straight vvay rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to vvwarre (for that musick is very vvare like:) And immediatly vvhen as the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the *Lydian* and *Ionique* harmony, he vvas so furr from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick. vvherefore *Plato* and *Aristotle* forbid the *Aradian* Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogether on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, vvich vseth to burne in yong brefts. So that it is not incredible vvich the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereaue the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) *Orpheus*: of vvhom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recouered his wife *Eurydice* from hell.

*Argus eyes*) of *Argus* is before said, that *Iuno* to him committed hir hus band *Iupiter* his Paragon *Iô*, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde *Mercury* vvith his Musick lulling *Argus* aslepe, slevv him and brought *Iô* away, vvwhose eyes it is sayd that *Inno* for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the *Peacocks* taylor. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

*VVoundlesse armour*) vnvvounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

*Display*) A poeticall metaphore: vvhereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shovre his  
Skill



skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraign, vvhō (as before) he calleth Elifa. Or if matter of knight-hood and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayes, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The vvorthy) he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leycester, vvhō by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevvrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knowvn to country clowne.

Slack) that is vvhen thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) vvell knowē to be Virgile, vvho by Mecenas means vvds brought into the fauour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moued to vvrite in lostier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Vvhereon) in these three verses are the three seuerall vvorkes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of vvares and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) in manhood and cheualrie.

For euer) He sheweth the cause, vvhy Poetes vvere wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their vvorthines & valor shold through theyr famous Posies be cōmended to al posterities. vvherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses. vvwhich is the only aduantage, vvwhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great cōming to his tombe in Sigeus, vvith naturall teares blessed him, that euer vvvas his hap to be honoured vvith so excellent a Poets work: as so renowned, and ennobled onely by hys meanes. vvwhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthily sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiara tromba. Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes, as vvell sheweth this that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvwarres against Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he vvvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvvas borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or othervvise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that vvvere of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvhych prayse otherwise vvvas in the same man no lesse famous, that vvhen he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, vvhom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks, as layd vp there for speciall ieuells and riches, vvwhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother euery night layde vnder his pillowe.



## October.

Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men. vvhich this author here very well sheweth, as els vvhere more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and basenesse of mynd. Pent) shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironical Sacrasmus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvhych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skil grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men. vvyrh humble modestie.

Her peececd pineons) vnperfect skil. Spoken

As soote as Svvanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the svvanne hath euer vvonne small commendation for her svvete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the svvan a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As vvell sayth the Poete els vvhere in one of his sonetts.

The siluer svvanne doth sing before her dying day

As shee that feelles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, vvhich is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarchs saying.

*Fiorir faccua il mio debile ingegno*

*A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.*

A caytiue corage) a base and abiect minde.

For losry loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as vvell in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying, vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.

Lauish cups) Resembleth that comen verse *Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum.*

O if my) He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poetical surie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of the shepards state and stile.

Vvild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Mxrnades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed stauies or lauchins, vvrapped about with yuie.

In buskin) it vvvas the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vse stockes & light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as it said in Virgile. *Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nique cothurno.*

Queint) strange Bellona; the goddessse of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore vvell be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter hir father was in traucile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hevv his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, vvhom seeing Vulcane so faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is vvell applied to her.

Equipage.) order.

Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charms vvete vvont to be made by verses as Ouid sayth.

*Aut si carminibus.*

Embleme.



October

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Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the vvhole course of this *Æglogue*, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers answereth Epiphonematicôs as admiring the excellencye of the skyll vvhich in Cuddie lye hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

November.



*Ægloga vndecima.*

ARGUMENT.

*I*N this xi. *Æglogue* he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth *Dido*. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnkowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This *Æglogue* is made in imitation of *Marot* his song, which he made vpon the death of *Loys* the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the *Æglogues* of this booke.

Thenot.

Colin.

*C*olin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
As thou were wont songs of some iouisance?  
Thy Muse so long slumbereth in sorrowing,  
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernaunce,

L. 4.

Now



## November.

Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,  
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,  
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,  
Or honoz Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,  
Nor Pan to herpe, nor with loue to playe:  
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,  
Or summer shade vnder the cocked hape.  
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,  
And Phoebus weary of his perely tas-ke:  
Pstabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,  
And taken by his ynnie in Fishes haf-ke.  
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:  
And loatheth like delightes, as thou doest prayse:  
The moynesfull Muse in myrth now list ne mas-ke,  
As shee was wont in yongth and sommer dayes.  
But if thou algate lust light viresayes,  
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong  
Who but thy selfe deserues like Poetes prayse?  
Relieue thy Datten pypes, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,  
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee:  
And I vnfitte to thrust in s-kilfull thronge,  
Should Colin make iudge of my foolerie.  
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,  
And han be watered at the Muses well:  
The kindly dewedropz from the higher tree,  
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.  
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,  
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:  
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,  
And sing of sorowe and deathes dyecriment.  
For deade is Dido, dead alas and dyent,  
Dido the greate shephearde his daughter sheene:

The



The fayrest May she was that euer went,  
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.  
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull tene:  
 I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:  
 And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,  
 As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,  
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,  
 Then Kiddle or Collet, which I thee bynempt:  
 Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne,  
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,  
 But ah to well I wote my humble baine,  
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and unkempt:  
 Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

Vp then Melpomene thou mournefull Muse of nyne,  
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze:  
 Up grislie ghostes and vp my rufull ryme,  
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.  
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of poze.

Dido my deare alas is dead,

Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:

O heauie herse,

Let streaming teares be poured out in stoze:

O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,  
 Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:  
 Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde:  
 Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.  
 The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night,

O heauie herse.

Breake we our pypes, that shild as lowde as Larke,

O carefull verse.



## November.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)  
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe?  
The sayrest flour e our gyrlond all emong,  
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe  
The songs that Colin made in her prayse,  
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,  
O heauie herse,

Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,  
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,  
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:  
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,  
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?  
But thing on earth that is of most abaille,  
As vertues bzaunch and beauties budde.  
Relinen not for any good.

O heauie herse,  
The bzaunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaille,  
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)  
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere:  
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,  
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.  
He would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,  
For she would cal hem often heime  
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.

O heauie herse,  
Als Colin cloute she would not once disdayne.  
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,  
Such plesaunce now displast by dolors dint:  
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,  
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.  
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The



The gaudie gi'londs deck her graue,  
The faded flowres her cozse embzauē.

O heauie herse,

Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with teares besprinc.  
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy griefe,  
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee:  
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiele,  
The knotted rushrings, and gilde Rosemarree?  
For she deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah they bene all yclad in clay,  
One bitter blast blewe all away.

O heauie herse,

Thercof nought remaines but the memoze.  
O carefull verse.

Ap me that dyerie death should strike so mortall stroke,  
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:  
The faded lockes fall from the losie oke,  
The flouds do gaspe, for dyed is theyr sourse,  
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce.

The mantled medowes morune,  
Theyr sondry colours tozune.

O heauie herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.  
O carsefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,  
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:  
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,  
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:  
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,

The Turtle on the bared bzaunch,  
Laments the wound, that death did launch.

O heauie herse,

And Philomele her song with teares doth keepe.  
O carefull verse.



## November.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and dance,  
And for her girland Oliue bzaunches beare,  
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:  
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
Now bringen bitter Elde bzaunches seare,  
The fatall sisters eke repent,  
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.

O heauie herse,  
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare.  
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope  
Of mortal men, that swinke and sweate for nought,  
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:  
Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)  
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:  
For what might be in earthlie mould,  
That did her buried body hould.

O heauie herse,  
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought  
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,  
And gates of hel, and syrie furies forse:  
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,  
Her soule vn bodied of the burdenous corse.  
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,  
Dido is dead, but into heauen hent.  
O happy herse,  
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorowes source,  
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playntes,  
As if some euill were to her betight?  
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,  
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:  
And is enstalled nowc in heauens hight.



I see thee blessed soule, I see,  
Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.

O happy herse,  
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)  
O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,  
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:  
But knewe we fooles, what it vs brings vntil,  
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.

No daunger there the shepheard can asert:  
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,  
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:

O happy herse,  
Make hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,  
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next?)  
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,  
There drinks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,  
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.  
The honor now of highest gods she is,  
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,  
While here on earth she did abyde.

O happy herse,  
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.  
O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Ap francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meinte  
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,  
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint?  
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.  
Up Colin vp, ynough thou moyned hast,  
Now gynnes to mizzle, hyc we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

*La mort ny mord.*



# Nouember.



## GLOSSE.

- Iouifaunce)** myrrh.                      **Souenaunce)** remembraunce.                      **Heric)** honour.  
**VVelked)** thortned or empayred. **As the Moone** being in the vvaine is sayde of Lidgate  
to vvelk.  
**In lovly lay)** according to the season of **the moneth Nouember**, when the sonne dravv-  
eth low in the South toward his Tropick **or returne.**  
**In fishes haske)** the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe **Pisces all Nouember.** a haske is  
a vvicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.  
**Virelaies)** a light kind of song.  
**Bee vvatted)** For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses vvell Castias,  
vvhereof vvas before sufficiently sayd.  
**Dreriment)** dretry and heavy cheere.  
**The great shepheard)** is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God  
Pan. The person both of the shephearde and of Dido is vnknooven and closely  
buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rotalind,  
as some imagin: for he speakerh soone after of her also.  
**Shene)** fayre and shining.                      **May)** for mayde.                      **Tene)** sorrow.  
**Guerdon)** reward.                      **Bynempt)** bequethed.                      **Cosset)** a lambe brought  
vp without the dam. **Vnkempt)** Incópti Not comed, that is rude & vnhanfome.  
**Melpomene)** The sadde and waylefull Muse vsed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith  
Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.  
**Vp grieisly gasts)** The maner of Tragical Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned  
ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the  
rest of the rest.                      **Herse)** is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.  
**VVast of)** decay of so beautifull a peece.                      **Carke)** care.  
**Ah vvhy)** an elegant Epanorthosis. as also soone after.                      nay time was long ago.  
**Flourer)** a dimumtine for a litle floure. This is a notable and sententions comparison **A**  
**minore ad maius.**  
**Reliuen not)** liue not againe .i. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their  
due reward.  
**The braunch)** He meaneth Dido, vvho being, as it vv ere the mayne braunch now **vv**i-  
thered the buddes that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.  
**VVith cakes)** fit for shepheards bankers.                      **Heame)** for home. after the northerne  
pronou ncing.                      **Tuist)** deyed or stayned.  
**The gaudie)** the meaning is, that the things, which vv ere the ornaments of her lyfe, are  
made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burialls.  
**Lobbin)** the name of a shepherd, vvich seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende  
of Dido.                      **Rushrings)** agreeable for such base gyftes  
**Faded lockes)** dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.  
**Sourse)** spring.                      **Mantled medowes)** for the sondry flowres are like a  
Mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.  
**Philomele )** the Nightingale . vvhome the Poetes faine once to haue bene a Ladye  
of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters hus bande, she desired to be tur-  
ned



ned into a byrd of her name. whose complaints be very vvell set forth of Ma. George Gas kin a wittie gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late rymers, vvho and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vvell knowven he alto gy- ther vvanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvrit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym a boundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerali Pompe. and properly the of all sorow and heavynesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas, ughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they dravve out in length, till his fatal hovvre & timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized vvith great vvisedom and passionate wyth great affection.

Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.  
Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone Alesto and Megera, vvlich are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischief.

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of hell. Betight) happened,

I see) A liuely Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) The very epreffe saying of Plato in Phædone.

Alter] befall vvvares.:

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and soode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vvwhite like Creme, vvhereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour.

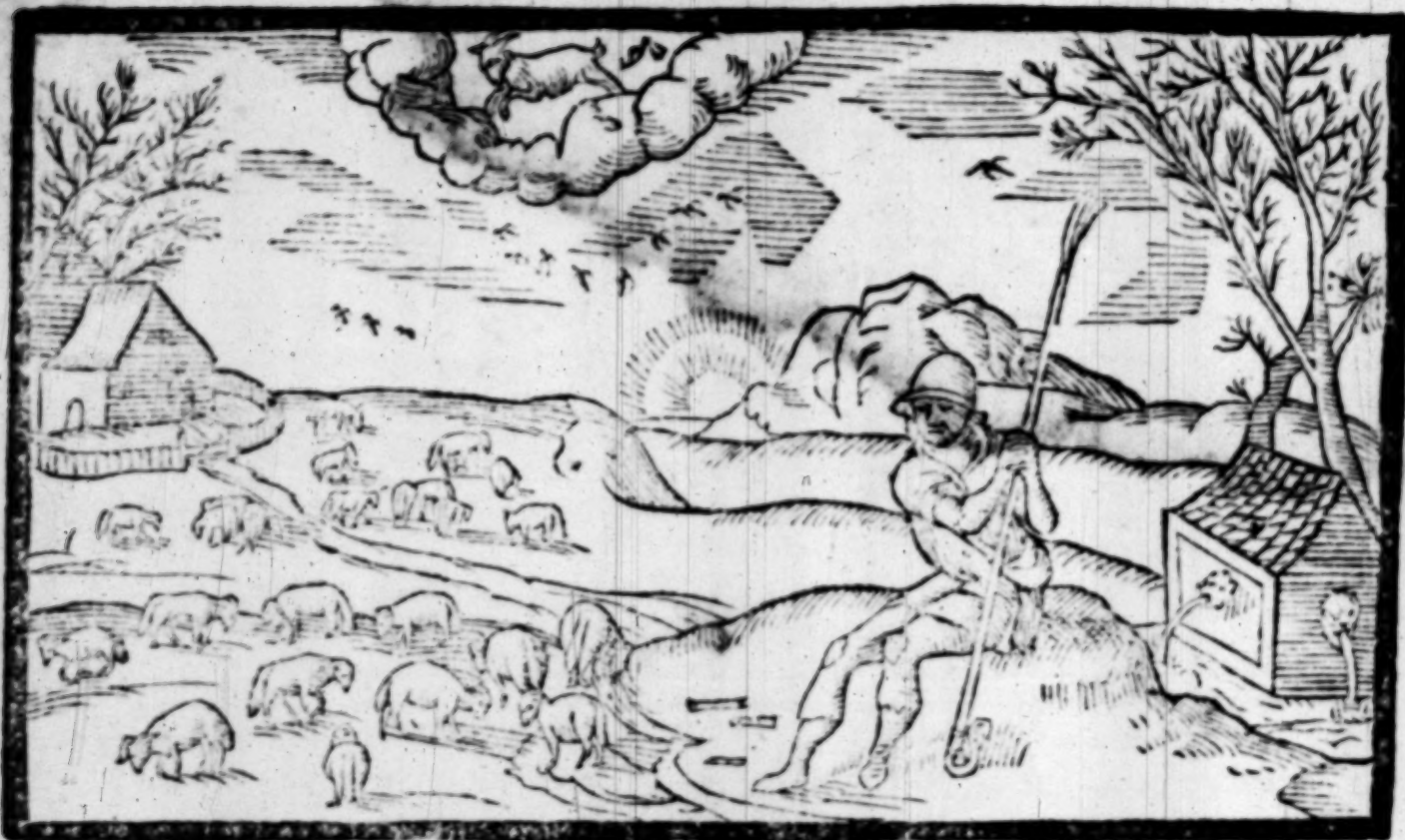
Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vvith a timely haruest, vve must be gathered in time, or els of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespassse of the first man brought death in to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is novv made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vvith that vv as sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.



## December.



### *Ægloga Duodecima.*

#### ARGUMENT.

**T**His Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His man-hoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasinge starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resemblenth to an vnseasonable barueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,  
All in the shadowe of a busbye breere,  
That Colin hight, which wel could pype and singe,  
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere.  
There as he satte in secrete shade alone,  
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.



O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,  
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:  
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,  
 Doest saue from mischiese the vnwarpy sheepe:  
 Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,  
 Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward:

I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to heare,  
 Rude ditties tuncd to shepheards Datten reede,  
 Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,  
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)  
 Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,  
 The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowrd my toyfull spring,  
 Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:  
 For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,  
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare.  
 I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,  
 Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene espyed,

I wont to raunge amydde the mазie thickette,  
 And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game:  
 And toyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,  
 Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee were tame.  
 What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,  
 Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,  
 All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste:  
 Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,  
 The statcly Walnut tree, the while the rest  
 Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife:  
 For plike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser peares,  
 (Whether the Fulse, so wrought me from my birth,  
 Or I to much beleueed my shepherd peres)  
 Somedeale ybent to song and musicks mirth.



## December.

A good olde shepheard, *Wrenock* was his name,  
Made me by arte moze cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare  
With shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in field:  
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,  
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yeld.  
For if the flocking *Nymphes* did follow *Pan*,  
The wiser *Hules* after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,  
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)  
My hurtlesse pleasance did me ill vpbraide,  
My freedome loze, my life he lefte to mone.  
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,  
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely *Spring* bid me farcwell,  
And *Sommet* season sped him to display  
(For loue then in the *Lyons* house did dwell)  
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.  
A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate,  
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,  
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye:  
But whether luck and loues vnbridled loze  
Would leade me forth on *Fancies* bitte to playe.  
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,  
The *Woodes* can witnesse many a wolfull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,  
Working her formall rowmes in *Wexen* frame:  
The grieuellie *Codestooke* growne there mought I se  
And loathed *Daddocks* lording on the same.  
And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,  
The ghastlie *Owle* her grieuous ynnie doth keepe.

Then



Then as the springe giues place to elder time,  
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:  
 Also my age now passed yongthly prime,  
 To thinges of ryper reason selfe applyed.  
 And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,  
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,  
 And Bas-kets of bulrushes was my wont:  
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale  
 Was better scene, or hurtful beastes to hont?  
 I learned a's the signes of heauen to ken,  
 How Phoebe sayles, where Venus sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,  
 The sodain rpling of the raging seas:  
 The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,  
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:  
 And which be wont to tenrage the restless sheepe,  
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and wiclesse Colin cloute,  
 That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:  
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze hart roote,  
 Whose rankling wound as yet dors riselye bleede.  
 Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deaches wound?  
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliue art founde?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,  
 Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:  
 The care that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,  
 And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.  
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,  
 Was nought but byakes and byambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,  
 And promysed of tynely fruite such store,  
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst:  
 The flatering fruite is fallen to ground before.



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And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:  
My harvest wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,  
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.  
They roots bene dyed vp for lacke of dewe,  
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.

Ah who has wrought my *Rolalind* this spight  
To spil the flowres, that should her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,  
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote:  
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,  
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsote.

The loser Lasse I cast to please nomore,  
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I haue  
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care:  
Which, when I thought haue threst in swelling sheaue,  
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.

Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,  
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,  
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:  
My harveste hasts to stirre vp winter sterne,  
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.

So now he stormes with many a sturdy stoure,  
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scour.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,  
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:  
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,  
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.

Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,  
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry glea,  
My Muse is hoarse and weary of thys stounde:

Here



Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,  
Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.  
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,  
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,  
My little flock, that was to me so lief:  
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,  
Ere the byemie Winter breede you greater grieffe.  
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,  
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,  
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:  
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,  
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:  
Adieu good Hobbinol, that was so true,  
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.



GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer: as hath bene oft sayd. Lambkins) young lambes.  
Als of their) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.  
Deigne) vouchsafe. Eabinet) Colinet) dimi nutines.  
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.  
Peres) felowes and companions.  
Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth Qui artem tractant musicam, speking of Poetes.  
Derring doe) afore sayd.  
Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, vvhich is loue, had his abode in the whote  
signe Leo, vvhich is in midst of somer; a pretie allegory, vvhich of the meaning  
is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.  
His ray) vvhich is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.  
A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which vvas the cause of his vvhote loue.  
Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So  
he meaneth that beautie, which hath alvayes aspect to Venus, vvas the cause of  
all his vnquietnes in loue.  
VWhere I was) a fine discription of the chaunge of hys lyfe and liking; for all things nowe  
seemed



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seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Paddockes and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be sturred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhooe.

Cotes) theepcotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sal) or Salovv a kind of vwoodde like VVyllov, fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to catch fith vvithall.

Phæbe sayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, vvwhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Dragonis, signes in heauen.

Venus) .i. Venus starre othervvise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All vvlich still in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knowve as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vvwhich they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) niuented by the Thulcanes, and frō them deriued to the Romanes, vvho (as is sayd in Liue) vvvere so superfluciously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thulcanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That vvonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as vvell appeareth by the common vvorking of them in our bodies, as also by the vvonderful enchaunments and forceries that haue bene vvrought by them; insomuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned mē into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth Dea (æua potentibus herbis &c.

Kidst) knewest.

Eare) of corne,

Scathe) losse hinderance.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

This is my) The thyrde parte vvherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

The flagraunt flowvres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, vvherein how our Poete is seene, be they vvittnesse vvwhich are priue to his study.

So now my yeere) The last part, vvherein is described his age by comparison of vvyntrye stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood.

Glee mirth)

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary heares scattred lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adievv delights) is a conclusion of all. vvhere in fixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that vvvas touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of theepe, vvwhich is the argument of all Æglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning wherof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned vvits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Qdes a work though full indeede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight



weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath made a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the ensample of Horace and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,  
Nec særum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

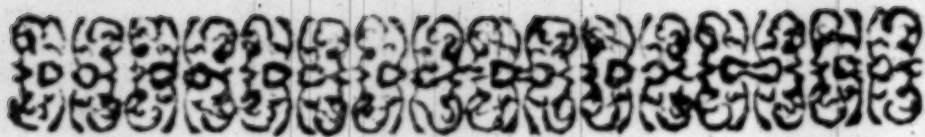


Loo I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,  
That steale in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:  
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,  
It shall contine we till the worlds dissolution.  
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,  
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.  
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,  
Goe but a lowly gate amongste the meaner sorte.  
Dare not to match thy type with Tityrus hys style,  
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awbyle:  
But follo we them farre off, and their high steppes adore,  
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

*Merce non mercede.*



V



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